THE
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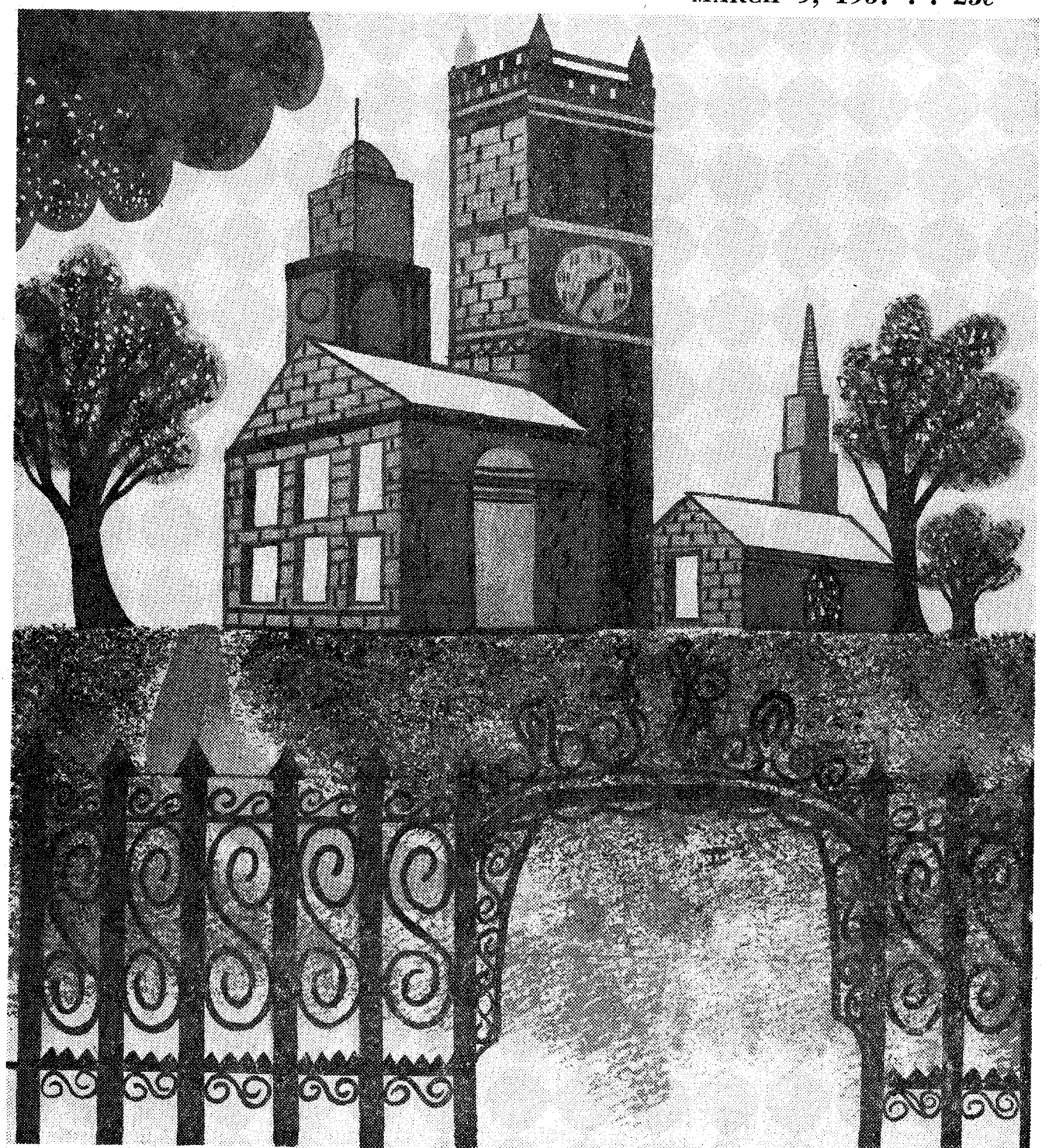

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THE CAREFUL YOUNG MEN

Tomorrow's Leaders Analyzed by Today's Teachers

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LETTER from BELGRADE

John O'Kearney

Belgrade

GRANT THE PARADOX that the basic difference between Russia and Yugoslavia is their basic similarity, *independence,* and you will be close to the hub of today's crisis in Eastern Europe, a crisis which in its implications goes far beyond the question of whether Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia may again find herself "isolated" as she was after her break with the Cominform in 1948. She could not again be isolated in just that way, since she is no longer as vulnerable to economic blockade. And even more important, the idea of Titoism has infiltrated deep behind the lines of the orthodox Communist opposition aligned against her.

It is a fact that the whole left-wing world, every Comunist state and party, ganged up on Tito in 1948 and steadfastly refused until long after the death of Stalin in 1953 to undertake any dispassionate re-study of events. In the gibberish of dogma, Tito was a "revisionist"; but what had he revised?

From 1941 to '45, fighting against Italians, Germans and the quisling forces of Mihailovic, Yugoslavia lost nearly two million men. Not until the last phases of the war did she get any appreciable help from the Allies—and none from Russia until the last moments. Yet from her geographic-ethnic point of view, the part the West had played in defeating Hitler seemed far less than Russia's. There was too the bond of Communist to Communist, including much Stalin iconolatry. But even Yugoslavs who were far from caring about communism turned in time towards the East as the whole Russian bloc reacted to the Truman Doctrine and Anglo-American support of Peter of Yugoslavia and Paul of Greece.

Even in 1946, however, Yugoslavia was beginning to suspect that the Russians were bad medicine, too. As Tito later put it: "Stalin coolly and systematically prepared to subjugate us." The program of subjugation was begun on a cultural plane. Russian films, newspaper articles, books, came in a vast flood. And when it came to the more practical matters of rebuilding the country and putting it to work, the Russians proposed joint-stock companies. Oil deposits were to be exploited first, both nations sharing the venture—but the inherent value of the fields was not to be reckoned on in determining Yugoslavia's share of the profits, nor would there be any rent charges. How so? Why, because it is clear from Marx that such resources are natural wealth, without social value!

BY THE YEAR 1948 great strains had developed: Yugoslavia had been exploring in other directions. She and Bulgaria, long close friends because of their language and cultural ties, started talks about federation. Moscow was kept informed. But when Dimitrox issued a press conference statement about it, Stalin professed ignorance and used the occasion to summon the Yugoslavs to Moscow for a dressing down. Shortly after, the Kremlin called for a trade meeting between the two countries. Further moves followed swiftly. Moscow stirred up the Cominform to a campaign of accusations: "We possess information that Tito is an imperialist spy." The Cominform condemned the Marshal and issued an appeal to the people of Yugoslavia to overthrow their government. Tito threw the ball right back. He ordered the appeal to his people to be published in *Borba,* the Communist Party paper. He then called a Party Congress at which, the papers reported, the applause for Tito's action was thunderous.

By 1950, as the Truman-Dulles mentality pervaded American foreign affairs, Yugoslavia found the cold war providential. She was taken

(*Continued on page 214.*)

JOHN O'KEARNEY, for many years a foreign correspondent, is a roving reporter for The Nation.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1957
VOLUME 184, NUMBER 10

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Shock of Recognition

There is about the symposium in this issue (page 199), the shock of recognition that always comes with the discovery of a new cultural reality. The reality of course, never quite resembles the first anticipations. Much has been written, for example, about "the silent generation," the new collegiate conservatism and the revival of religious interests on campus. But there is an immense gap between these preliminary generalizations and the sensitive, perceptive appraisals which make up this issue. On close, sympathetic inspection this "silent," conforming generation turns out to be not quite as silent or conforming as we had imagined. It is a generation which has, somehow, baffled its preceptors. Yet aren't these private-seekers, these goal-keepers, these company men—many of them born since 1939, children of the strange historical interregnum in which we live—just about what we would expect them to be if we were to look, with complete frankness, at their antecedents, parental, historical, social?

Let's face it: isn't it true that what bothers most of us about this generation is that their youth was not like our youth? To us, they seem prematurely aged, old beyond their years, lacking in gaiety and a sense of life. But, on reflection, would we want them to be *more* opinionated? By and large, they are better students than we were, less excitable, less naive, more critical. Conservative, maybe, but not credulous. Cautious but not uncritical. Conforming but less naive. These youngsters don't admire *gurus*. They are not enamored of ideologies. It is charged that theirs is a generation without banners—without memories or passions or convictions—but what banners have we offered them? Have we bequeathed to them a set of useable social values? Aren't we pleased that they are critical and eclectic and cautious? Would we like them better if they were more addicted to rebellion and reform? The editors can only hope that the readers of *The Nation* will share with them the pleasure and excitement to be derived from these informal reports on today's undergraduates—the generation that, within two decades, will be directing the destiny of America.

On Buying Time

The Israeli-Egyptian issue has held the spotlight of world attention for so many dramatic hours that too little attention has been paid to other major issues at the U.N. The public hardly noticed, for example, when: (1) the General Assembly's Political Committee, by a vote of 76 to 0 with two abstentions, adopted a compromise resolution on the Cyprus issue; (2) the Security Council, by a 10 to 0 vote with the Soviet Union abstaining, adopted a resolution to send the president of the Council to India and Pakistan to seek a settlement of the Kashmir issue; (3) the Assembly by unanimous vote adopted a let's-hope-for-the-best resolution on the Algerian question. The point of special interest about these actions is the general feeling of relief which their adoption aroused in all U.N. quarters; in each instance mutual congratulations echoed in the corridors. Yet none of the resolutions settled anything. Why, therefore, did their adoption create such an unmistakable aura of general satisfaction?

Essentially the feeling stemmed from a realization that none of these issues was immediately soluble either in or out of the U.N. Once this feeling won general acceptance, the obvious immediate "solution" was simply to use the organization's machinery to buy a year's time in the hope that the prospects for settlement might improve. Far from indicating that the U.N. is weak, bankrupt or futile, the resolutions represent a triumph of mediation. If an issue in mediation is postponed at the insistence of one party and over the objection of the other, the mediator has no cause to be pleased. But when the immediate parties to the dispute and all those indirectly involved agree to a postponement, the stage has been set for subsequent sessions which may yield better results.

In this sense, the mediation of the U.N. has also been successful in the Israeli-Egyptian issue. For if agreement is reached on the withdrawal of Israeli forces, as seemed likely at this writing, the Suez Canal issue will be the next major item on the agenda. World pressure for a settlement will then shift from Israel to Egypt, where some pressure is needed at the moment. In the meantime, further efforts can be made in less conspicuous settings to work out settlements of the basic issues.

What is to be applauded about this session of the General Assembly, therefore, is not so much the actions taken as the proof which these actions constitute of a growing political maturity of the world body. The work of this session offers, indeed, striking evidence of its effectiveness as a mediation agency.

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A Society of Wise Guys

In Seattle, officials of Dave Beck's Teamsters Union think nothing of tapping union funds to make large, unsecured loans to gamblers and former college chums of Beck II to enable them to open taverns where favored brands of beer can be pushed and where baseball and football "pools" can be organized, all in the interest of union officials and their political allies.

In Newark, the sales and advertising managers for General Electric Supply Company think nothing of engaging prostitutes, blondes preferred, to entertain customers at conventions.

In neither instance did the private scruples of union and company officials collide with organizational imperatives. But, in this era of comfort and conveniences, will the general public be more fastidious? The revelations about beer salesmen and bingo-pushers who masquerade as trade-union officials will lift few eyebrows in Seattle. Mr. Beck is one of Seattle's outstanding civic leaders. It was Mr. Beck who, as a regent, maintained internal security at the University of Washington by insisting on the ouster of two left-wing professors, both with long and honorable tenure, one a cripple.

As for the prostitutes, there is more interest in the colorful copy about them, studded as it is with references to "babes and business" and "sexcessful salesmen," than in the fact that they doubled as sales girls for electrical appliances. Fashions have changed and cynicism is now the mode. To be indignant about such matters is to run the risk of being regarded, in today's society of wise guys, as lacking in knowingness and savvy, like a country boy who has just arrived in the big city. In this sense, today's cynicism is a reaction to yesterday's shrill moral indignation, which was often ludicrous. But wise guys can be as hateful, in their own way, as prigs. Perhaps what is needed is a new fashion in censure which would avoid "moral" judgments. Without feeling self-conscious we could then maintain that the wages of prostitutes should not be added to the retail price of electrical appliances and that Dave Beck is obnoxious because he takes business away from the bankers. If to remain fashionable we must be cynical rather than indignant, then let's make the new code of behavior hinge on prices and profits. Whatever the expedient, some way should be found to circumvent the blocks that currently inhibit the expression of social judgments.

Revised Estimate

General Curtis Le May, in a dramatic appearance before a Senate committee last year, managed to secure for the Air Force a larger appropriation than the Defense Department had requested. (See Matthew Josephson's article, *The Nation,* May 26, 1956). Nearly a year later, on February 23, the Defense Department concedes that the General's request was based on intelligence reports that "greatly overestimated" the Soviet Union's heavy jet-bomber air strength. It is comforting to know that the intelligence services are not underestimating Soviet air power. But it would be unfortunate if the public gained the impression that estimates of "the enemy's" potentialities invariably rose as budget time approached, only to be revised once a budget had been approved. In the long run, the public will support Air Force requests, we suspect, to the degree that confidence has been established in the accuracy and realism of the reports and appraisals on which they are based. For this reason the acknowledgment of error in this instance is to be welcomed even if the Pentagon's department of amplification and correction appears to have been in no hurry to issue it.

Moley et Veritas

Raymond Moley, former brain-truster for the Roosevelt Administration and current truth-seeker for *Newsweek,* has written a column for that magazine with the history-heavy title of "Oppenheimer at Harvard." Professor Oppenheimer has been invited to deliver the William James lectures at Harvard in 1957, and Mr. Moley doesn't like it. He reports that about a year ago a Harvard alumnus named Kenneth D. Robertson, Jr., protested the invitation by saying that Oppenheimer is an atomic scientist with no established reputation in philosophy and ethics and is therefore not qualified for the task. But the real complaint is more frankly stated by Moley:

> . . . The University has chosen a man who was, as one alumnus wrote, "Ignominiously wrong about the major political issue of our time." Oppenheimer as a citizen displayed egregiously fatal judgment in the selection of the causes he supported and the propagandists with whom he advised and associated. In addition, his devotion to the truth was by his own confession utterly compromised. If this be serving "Veritas," Harvard should be more explicit in explaining its watchword.

Mistakes in other men's political judgments seem to disqualify them from later searches for the truth. If that law were applied to Mr. Moley, who has moved pretty far across the political spectrum since his days as a New Deal official, it would seem that his readers could place little hope for the truth in his current "Perspective" column for *Newsweek.* But he is justly entitled to his new view of "Veritas," just as Professor Oppenheimer is, and we hope that neither of them will be disqualified from the future by opinions they may have held in the past.

"Oppenheimer at Harvard" may indeed be a historically significant event. If so, it will be by merit of what Professor Oppenheimer has to say there. Before he has said it, it seems a bit premature to be labeling it as a travesty of "Veritas."

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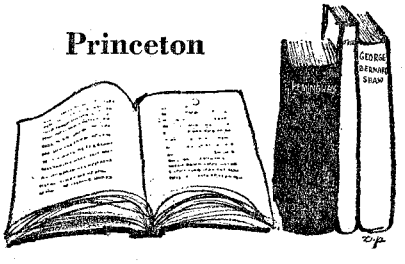
THE CAREFUL YOUNG MEN

Tomorrow's Leaders Analyzed by Today's Teachers

Today's generation of undergraduates—the generation which in two decades will provide the country's political, cultural and industrial leadership—has been variously called "lost," "found" or merely "baffling." In an attempt to find a better answer, The Nation *turned to the men who know the students best—their teachers. Sixteen distinguished educators (most of them additionally distinguished as creative workers in fiction, poetry or literary criticism) in as many colleges were asked the following question: "Who are the leading intellectual, artistic and ethical influences on the present generation of students? Who, in other words, are the successors in the undergraduate court of ultimate appeal to H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Branch Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, George Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, etc.?"*

The underlying unity which characterizes the resultant symposium is the more remarkable because (1) the campuses represented are well distributed both geographically and in terms of large and small institutions, and (2) each teacher who contributed to it was quite unaware, of course, of what his colleagues were writing.

Princeton



By Carlos Baker

Chairman, Department of English, Princeton University

THE MOST striking characteristic of the present generation of undergraduates, so far as I know them, is that there are relatively few new gods in their respective pantheons. If I had to invent a name for this age in the light of undergraduate attitudes, it would be the Age of Consolidation. They are too busy reading and thinking about older thinkers and writers to pay extensive heed to the newest ones. They are much less impressed, say, by a man like Colin Wilson than certain people in the older generations. One of them called him a "gabby guy" who happened to strike it lucky with a first effort. Their attitude to all such pan-flashers is "wait and see."

The word *conservative* has emotional overtones which causes most of them to reject it as a designation for themselves. Yet it is true that, politically speaking, they are probably much more conservative than a comparable group would have been twenty-five years ago. They are not push-overs for propaganda. They distrust most forms of extremism. They are essentially *via media* men whose eyes, nonetheless, are constantly scanning the contiguous scenery for signs of life and action. Novelty does not, as such, greatly impress them. They don't go dashing off into the scrub pines after every new voice. But they work and they listen.

If there is a paradox in their attitude it is that they regard themselves as individualists and independents while maintaining the intellectual attitude I have tried to describe above. If they can find a genuine seeker-after-truth, and if they become convinced that he is firm and fearless in his wish to discover and describe truth, no matter into what labelled camp the pursuit may lead him, they are ready to listen to him, hear what he has to say, and make up their minds on a sufficiency of evidence. If the new truth differs from a widely accepted view, so much the better; if it confirms a widely held view, nothing is lost. Basically, they want to understand, and when they understand, they will decide. They are sensitive to the accusation that they are conformists; but I think they would revise Emerson's famous statement to read, "A foolish nonconformity is the hobgoblin of little minds." They are serious, but not solemn. They can hoot Elvis Presley and other happy hotdogs with pleasure; their wit is as sharp as their wits; they are as good as ever with the ingenuities of gaiety; and they can still get into plenty of trouble, like the world they inhabit. But man for man I think they are better off in good sense and balance than my generation was at their age.

More than we used to do, they pay attention these days to the wise old men. They name Freud ("too influential to avoid") and Jung ("helps us uncover the human personality"). They revere Robert Frost ("one of the few men I wish sometimes I could have been") and Shaw ("patient revolutionary") and Sean O'Casey ("really with it"). They think of Einstein ("wise in his field —remember that face") and Gandhi ("we need another now") and Churchill ("bulldog with a golden pen") and Eisenhower ("the prototype of the good American") and Reinhold Niebuhr ("has answered many questions of mine").

THERE IS still, as there has been for years, a cult of Thomas Wolfe. They have all read J. D. Salinger, Wolfe's closest current competitor. A few name D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce and Dylan Thomas, and one can see in this group what one would always expect, namely that writers who write well about young men growing up are likely to be read by young men growing up. They work away at Faulkner, whom they respect, and they still read Hemingway ("complexity and frustration of modern world given simply and readably"). One says he read Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* while working as a "gandy dancer on the Rock Island Railroad" and that Steinbeck "really hits the nail on the head." William Sansom and Jean Stafford claim some admirers among young writers who are tackling short stories. They also enjoy satire and wish we had more of it: they name Orwell, Huxley and, among current writers, Peter De Vries and Angus Wilson. On apparently the same grounds P. G. Wodehouse and Og-

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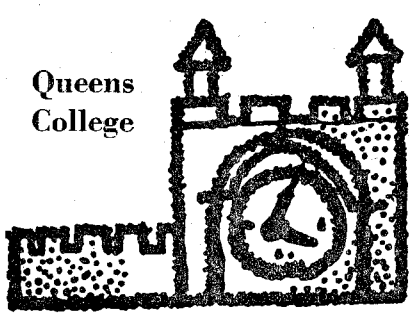
den Nash each got a vote; and one spoke of Ray Bradbury as "one of the most aware writers of our time."

Around here, at any rate, the strongest cult is that of Albert Camus. If you ask why, the answer often is that he sums up in some way "the myth of the modern man," or that his fiction embodies a sense of the "present-day predicament" or that "he's a good nightmare man." One senior grouped him with Sartre, Heidegger, Marcel and Jasper as showing that "metaphysics can be a meaningful enterprise." A junior named André Malraux as the type of the true modern man—"extremist but thought-provoking." Among theatre men, Lorca is often named. Another called Picasso "the untraditional king of art." Sometimes you begin to wonder whether the center of gravitational pull hasn't shifted to Europe, with a new period of "expatriatism" in prospect.

But one doesn't want to force a pattern where none is. There are clots of interest but no headlong rush to any special banner. The boys down here work and listen and keep their eyes open. They haven't really declared a universal allegiance in any one sector. Maybe this *is* the Age of Consolidation.



By Stanley Kunitz

Visiting Professor of English at Queens College, New York

I MUST POSE a question in reply. Are we talking about the Many or the Few? What every teacher knows, though he may be reluctant to proclaim it, is that the mass of college students lead lives of quiet enervation. Since World War II, with the conspicuous broadening of the base of admissions, the Many have been so much with us as to effect a qualitative change in our higher educational system, a revolution we are not yet equipped to face. Most students do not come to college in pursuit of the true, the beautiful, or the good; they come because a degree increases earning power and enhances social prestige. It must be affirmed, at the risk of sounding superciliously un-American or of seeming to yearn nostalgically for the good old days (which couldn't have been so good, after all, in view of the historic consequences), that the influx of a new student population, in part barely literate, in the main holding no concepts of value distinguishable from those of our society at large, has resulted in a serious deterioration of the intellectual climate.

THE SITUATION is not without its ironies. Here we have our student communities suffering this general dilution of mind, while at the same time our faculties, armed to the teeth with their ineluctable Ph.D's, grow more and more specialized in their accumulations of knowledge. Even the downiest young instructors appear to have sprung full-blown from the Jovian forehead as an Authority in his Field, knee-deep in research, bristling with quotations and footnotes, altogether too formidable in his scholarship to be subject to challenge, particularly by students whose last best hope is to get by. The free exercise of taste, born of the humanistic tradition, tends increasingly to yield to documentation; or, as in the case of the New Critics, to methodology—the scholastic means, or apparatus, having become more important than the critical end. In all fairness, however, I must add that when a liberal and speculative voice is heard in the classroom, it is more likely than not to be the professor's, despite whatever caution the years may have taught him. As for the students, they matriculate cautious, wanting above all—so well-conditioned are they by the prevailing social climate—to buy security for themselves in the full knowledge that the price is conformity. "Why should we go out on a limb about anything?" one of them remarked in class. "We know what happened to those who did." Another expressed a measure of gratitude to Senator McCarthy for having taught his generation a valuable lesson: to keep its mouth shut.

Am I quibbling when I contend that most of the culture-gods and heroes of this generation do not really belong to it, for it has not fought to win them: it has merely borrowed them from its instructors? Freud, Jung, Mann, Joyce, James, Kafka, Yeats and Eliot would certainly seem to belong to this category—which is not to deny them the survival of their power to excite the best minds of a generation. The much-bruited religious revival, I would hazard, represents one of the several expressions of the return to orthodoxy on the part of the Many, rather than a significant conversion. My impression, from work with English majors and writing students on both sides of the continent, is that Auden is admired, but from a cool distance. Dylan Thomas's influence seems already to be waning. Papers get written on Faulkner, but Hemingway is easier to imitate. D. H. Lawrence gains readers and advocates, though he is found somewhat disturbing. Orwell and Koestler say something about politics that this generation is tuned to hear. Allusions to existentialism are not uncommon, but actual knowledge of the work of Sartre or Camus or Kierkegaard runs fairly shallow. The only young novelist I have heard praised vociferously is J. D. Salinger, for his discovery of childhood.

IF THIS list of influences appears somewhat random in character, my defense must be that a more systematic arrangement would be a falsification. I am aware of the existence of a small but articulate fraction of the young who glory in their non-adjustment; who prefer, given the difficulty of maintaining a loyal opposition within the framework of our society, to dramatize themselves as outlaws; whose triad of predilections consists of homosexuality, dope and jazz; whose preference is for a literature based on the anti-literary; and who model their improvisations on the writings of

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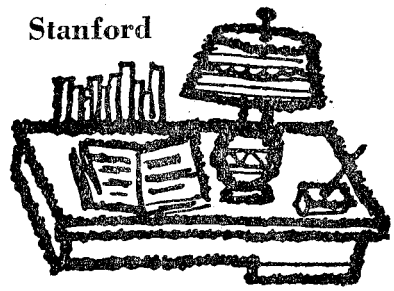
Rimbaud, Céline, Whitman, Pound and William Carlos Williams—but most of this group are a few years out of college.

"What we all lack who are under thirty," writes one of my students of last year, Dorothy Kosobud Doe, in the University of Washington periodical *Assay*, "is some guiding passion, some *moral vision*, if you will." And she continues, eloquently:

> We are unable to wind the loose threads of our experience into some larger pattern, and we know it. We write to please this authority or that professor while the universe skids about under our feet. We profess to disbelieve everything partially because, at heart, we do not yet believe in ourselves. What we are facing is a process of re-education, of self-discovery—a painful process, but without it no human being has understood the reason for his short walk across eternity. And to attain self-discovery we must dissent, disaffiliate ourselves from all the clichéd and stereotyped burdens the educated and the non-educated would impose; dissent from the dogma of the politician, the business man, the critic and the truck driver. If our "revolt" appears mild, it is because we have not found anything to promote; deep in the dream of ourselves and our relation to others, we realize with Yeats that there's more enterprise in walking naked.

WE OWE it to the young, I feel, to encourage such scrupulous self-examination—we owe it to ourselves as well if we want to live in a world that is worth occupying. But what should one have said to the twenty-year-old who announced in class how much he admired Wallace Stevens for having proved there was no real conflict between American business and art? One could quote, and did, that fine poet's edged observation that "the fury of poetry always comes from the presence of a madman or two . . . but at the moment all the madmen are politicians." At this point a senior, a novelist-in-the-making, responded that he felt fairly hopeful about the literary fate of his generation: "When the madman turns up, we'll be around to follow him." One is not encouraging lunacy, but oh that it had occurred to him to imagine himself as that madman!

Stanford



By Wallace Stegner

Director of the Writing Program at Stanford University

I WOULD NOT pretend to know or understand "the American undergraduate." But I have worked quite closely with a certain number of undergraduates for a good many years. If what I think I know of them does not constitute a generalization, it may perhaps contribute to one.

One is asked, Who are their heroes? Who among poets, politicians, thinkers, novelists, give them their intellectual and emotional stance? What minds are their sources of light and heat? Who has replaced the opinion-makers and the literary messiahs of the twenties and thirties? But as far as one can see there is no agreement on any such leaders, there is no figure or school to which large numbers give belief or the compliment of imitation.

It is not impossible to find out whom undergraduates read and admire. Contrary to some opinion, many of them do read and some of them admire. But they do not admire in pack; it would be hard to be more eclectic than the undergraduates I know.

Sartre? Camus? Kierkegaard? A glimmer of interest, nothing significant. For what the note is worth, Camus seems more admired than Sartre. Marx? Hardly. Freud? Though the influence is pervasive and persistent, and never clearer than when Freud is being attacked, there is little of the delighted sense of discovery apparent in the undergraduate view; it seems pretty blase, really. Jung? I have known it to happen that a dedicated Jungian, his lips touched with a live coal and his mind rearranged into a mandala, arises within the undergraduate body. But his greeting is something between incredulity and scorn. It would seem that though Jung can inspire disciples among undergraduates, he has hardly brought forth a new church.

Of contemporary poets, only Eliot seems to arouse enthusiasm in students I know, and he as much for his criticism as for his poems. Wallace Stevens has followers, but not enough of them to take a city. In these West Coast parts I do not hear much talk of the Agrarians or their descendants. And one is as likely to find an admirer of pragmatic reasonableness—of Jacques Barzun, let us say—as of any of the Cains or Christs of literature. Where Hemingway was once imitated by one out of every two college sophomores, one now hears scornful comment on the unseemly elements in the Hemingway myth; and Joyce, who once bred fierce devotees, breeds them no longer: the Lucifer pose is rather bad taste.

OF ALL contemporary writers, Faulkner is the only one who among the students I know has a real following, something of a cult. Yet the followers do not emulate him as I and my fellows aped Joyce or Hemingway in the twenties. They are not so naive as we were, by a long way, and can see at once the dangers of imitating a style so personal and with so many excesses. The Faulkner cult read Faulkner, I think, for his "myths," for his symbolic and allegorical underlayers. They play the guessing-games and solve the puzzles he sets them, and in this they seem to me to echo the times, and to have more actually in common with Faulkner's proliferating critics than with Faulkner.

Occasionally a student, generally a superior one, admits some intellectual *guru*. One I know is devoted to Ortega y Gasset, and quotes two sentences which he says he keeps pasted up in his mind. One says, "Every life has to be dedicated to something, to enterprise great or small." The other says, "The great discovery of Romanticism was that life is, primarily and above all else, its own internal problem."

This student seems to me unlike many of his fellows: he not only *has* a dedication, but he admits it.

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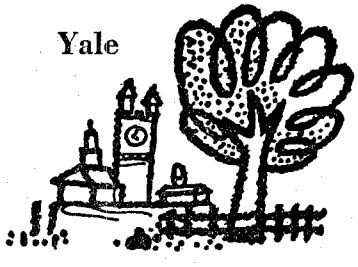
But he is absolutely at one with the majority in insisting that the internal problem is the essential one.

For if many undergraduates acknowledge no heroes, profess only lukewarm admirations, shun causes, are suspicious of joinings and flinch from commitments, I do not think they act either from cynicism or frivolity. Pressed to name writers who have influenced them, they will name, with a grin, Shakespeare and Dostoevsky, Conrad and Henry James, Chekov and Mark Twain—all distant and safe. This is not cynicism and not dullness, but the most alert caution. Something in the climate of opinion and action within which these young people have grown up has made many of them what I can only call "goal-keepers." They lie at the mouths of their private burrows, watchful and suspicious, and they warn potential intruders away from their privacy. Perhaps Riesman is right, and they grow more and more other-directed; and yet I have found them often with an irritable, even exacerbated, independence.

They are hard to smoke out. Sometimes a professor is baited into protest by the rows and circles of their closed, watchful, apparently apathetic faces, and says in effect, "My God, *feel* something! Get enthusiastic about something, plunge, go boom, look alive!" The response may vary: anger (controlled) at the professorial intrusion, embarrassment at the crude expression of a violent feeling, or perhaps sarcastic comments on the delightful results of enthusiasm under Hitler, or the fine product of commitment to Marx or any of the other causes and shibboleths of their parents' time.

ONE DOES NOT generalize, except with a caution one could learn from the undergraduate, but the watchfulness I have described is common enough to be easily verified. The rather frequent undergraduate who shuns causes, heroes, joinings, commitments—and most forms of public notice—acts like a man who has been hurt and wants not to be hurt more. As he does not follow heroes, he would not be one if he could. His problem is within, and he will solve it himself. He seems to me very lonely, and he has learned loneliness, as he learned caution, from his *Zeitgeist*. The *Zeitgeist* is all he listens to—seldom to heroes—and what he guards is his own goal. He may not score but he is certain, while he plays the game this way, not to be scored on.

And if I am inclined, as I sometimes am, to disparage this attitude as dull, faint-hearted and unproductive, I am reminded that it is also self-reliant and sane. And I am reminded that many periods of the world's history have demonstrated the same caution and taken for their motto some variant of the *nil admirari* of Augustan England. It is one way of playing the game, and it has its own moral basis, which comes less from single leaders than from the *Zeitgeist*.



By Charles A. Fenton

Assistant Professor of English at Yale University

THE EVIDENCE on which your question has to be answered is itself elusive and contradictory and not aways susceptible to national generalization. I think the first positive element of a statement, however, would be that undergraduates are currently skeptical of, or indifferent to, almost every spokesman you have named. In many cases this skepticism is an inevitable reflection of the tastes of their instructors. It has been some time, for example, since Cabell was consistently included among the reading assignments of the typical undergraduate course in contemporary American literature. His place was never very firm in the syllabus, and the more recent anthologies tend to exclude him altogether. I suspect myself that if given the opportunity today's undergraduates might enjoy and value Cabell. Desirable as this would be, they're not likely to get the opportunity.

Both Shaw and O'Neill, of course, continue to be taught in the drama courses. Both have recently been the beneficiaries of revivals and, in the case of O'Neill, of publication and production of new work as well. It is still difficult to fit O'Neill into the typical undergraduate survey course in American literature, however, and I doubt if the majority of today's college students are really responsive to either Shaw or O'Neill in any substantial way. I think it would be accurate to say of both playwrights that the typical undergraduate attitude toward them is one of passive respect.

There is nothing passive, however, in the response to the rest of the older writers whom you mention. Mencken, who is far too insufficiently taught, is regarded with considerable suspicion by most undergraduates. The solemnity with which most of them approach life in general, and the reverence with which some of them approach American life in particular, automatically create a genuine mistrust when confronted by an invective and an indictment as sweeping as Mencken's. The reaction to Sinclair Lewis is more friendly — or, to be accurate, less unfriendly — but on the whole they are doubtful of his contemporary relevance. They are also significantly anxious to classify such episodes as the final ones of *Babbitt* as evidence that Lewis had after all discovered affirmative qualities in American life.

AFFIRMATION, in fact, is the primary quality which most of them seek in literature. The brief Fitzgerald revival has therefore dissolved, though they will concede him certain limited stylistic virtues. "Slick, though," they say dubiously. "Very slick." Much of Hemingway's work makes them similarly uneasy, particularly the early stories and novels. I suspect myself that in this case their morality is sometimes offended, though of course no American, undergraduate or otherwise, is ever going to admit that sex has shocked him. "Nihilistic," picked up from

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the jargon of humanistic commentators, is unfortunately their favorite word for Hemingway.

I suppose the unhappy truth is that affirmation, at least of the sort currently being sought, has rarely been a major characteristic of serious American artists and intellectuals. I think this accounts for the very high regard in which today's undergraduates hold Faulkner. In his fiction and in his public pronouncements, they find a canon of recognizable virtues and an assurance of human survival, enunciated by an artist of genuine quality.

The proletarian writers of the thirties impress them not at all. The present campus indifference to either politics or reform or rebellion is monumental. They welcome the concept of brotherhood as met in Steinbeck, but it would be an exaggeration to cast him in an influential role. Wolfe is frequently an exciting discovery, but most have been so intimidated by the New Criticism's distaste for him that the response becomes partial and furtive. They are merely bored by the writers of World War II, though they're interested in and sensitive to the historical sequence of techniques and attitude in Mailer and Jones.

SO FAR AS fiction is concerned at least, I think this may in fact be the crucial point. The persuasive fluency of contemporary literary scholarship and instruction has bred a generation of undergraduate critics more concerned — like their instructors — with form than with statement. Insofar as they will tolerate a statement at all, it must be positive rather than negative. Pessimism and even despair are acceptable (since this is a well-informed and realistic generation), but not cynicism. No matter how bleak the general thesis of the artist, it should be climaxed by at least the promise of moral regeneration.

Today's undergraduates, on the other hand, are too discriminating and too perceptive to accept as spokesmen the kind of writers who generally make such a statement. My own conclusion is that, with the notable exception of Faulkner, they haven't yet discovered their "intellectual, artistic and ethical influences," at least so far as contemporary literary artists are concerned. This is a talented undergraduate generation, industrious and attractive, and a pleasure to teach, but most of them are company men. And why not? Who can blame them? They've been signed up almost since birth, after all, in what Neibuhr has described as "a paradise of domestic security and growing justice suspended in a hell of international insecurity."

Minnesota

By Leo Marx

Associate Professor of English at the University of Minnesota

I WOULD BE suspicious of any cocksure answer to your question. Today's students do not seem to belong to a "generation" in quite the way we like to think that the students of the twenties and thirties did. Either they share fewer ideas and beliefs, or they are less articulate. In any event, the comparison to prewar generations ought not to be made, as it so often is, an invidious comparison. It is a reflection of history. The temper of today's student body is compounded of many things, but especially the sense, seldom spoken but very deep, of the strange historical interregnum in which we live. Many of this year's freshmen were born in 1939. All that they know is of the war and since, and this makes for a curious amalgam of confidence and doubt. They have reason to be confident, for example, of their immediate prospects. No college generation has been more sure of its chances for jobs, leisure and security. As for the larger prospect, it is so dim and mysterious that we seldom discuss it. This state of affairs is altogether different from that of the thirties, for instance, when we assumed that a terrible war was imminent, but when many of us also held high hopes for what might follow. At that time we talked and read with certain certainties, specious as they may now seem, in mind. The times lent an air of coherence to our ideas and prejudices, and we tended to read the writers who also did.

Who influences today's students? The answer, I think, is no one in particular. It is a generation of private seekers, and the teacher can never be sure where he may strike sparks. George Orwell comes to mind, though not necessarily because he is widely read. Students often sound as if they have been reading him even when they haven't. They share many of his deepest instincts, his skepticism, his anarchism. He confirms their wariness of slogans, enthusiasms, passionate convictions, and perhaps even passion itself. By the same token, it is difficult to get them to see anything in writers who make strong statements—Walt Whitman, say. They like only exceptional Whitman poems, the more inward and strained lyrics. One might suspect it is the fervor that puts them off, but then the student who finds nothing in Whitman turns out to be an admirer of Dylan Thomas. Apparently it is Whitman's public commitments that seem embarrassingly naive.

TODAY'S students do not expect a new revelation, hence they are less responsive to fashion and more receptive to the past. They do not insist so much upon the immediate and superficial relevance of what they read. All told, they are probably better students than the prewar generations. They are less opinionated, less excitable, not so eager to score points. To be sure, they seem less animated — but is it necessarily a good thing to be more excited about Clifford Odets than Shakespeare? Today's students sit and listen, and they seem to reserve judgment. Perhaps their own attitudes are best revealed by the evocations of ambiguity that seem to interest them. They are attracted by writers like Hawthorne, Melville, James, Conrad and Kafka. Sometimes one gets the impression that their admiration is called forth less

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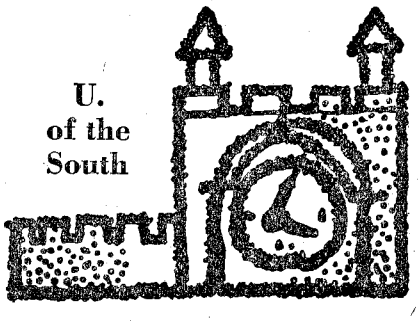
by the work itself than by a certain image of the writer who stands behind it. What they like is the way he proceeds, like some latter-day critic, to make a detached, stoical and infinitely subtle analysis of motive and cause.

Like a critic! Perhaps the mark of the serious students of today is this appetite for criticism. They relish a careful analysis of a work of art, one that begins with a lucid statement of premises and follows through to firm evaluations. We often hear this penchant for criticism deplored nowadays. Yet it is wrong to charge today's students with reading criticism out of faddishness or laziness. The truth is that the critics they admire are by no means easy to read. They like the New Critics, who, following Eliot and Richards, have made an elaborate ritual out of criticism. They *enjoy* reading criticism, and they turn to it spontaneously, as students in other ages read philosophy or poetry. Any teacher of literature will tell of the virtuoso performances of criticism he has unexpectedly turned up among his student essays. When he inquires, he usually finds that the writer has been reading the work of men like Brooks, Warren, Ransom, Tate, Trilling or Wilson. These critics have a strong influence upon today's students, including many who are not primarily students of literature.

THIS TASTE for criticism is important and revealing. It characterizes a student generation that is skeptical of ready-made opinion, but is eager to see how opinions are made. And it is the critic, perhaps more than most intellectuals nowadays, who truly opens a window upon his mind. In the end there is nothing he can hold back. All his ideas are exposed and, what is more, tested against a problem of some complexity. The whole exacting procedure is available to the student, who in turn can test the critic and so exercise his own powers of discrimination. If the critic is a hero to the present generation it is because he endures this exposure, and he triumphs in making up his mind. He is read not so much as an expert literary technician than as a kind of oblique moral philosopher, a sifter of meanings and values. Clearly he is read in order to be emulated. It is folly to deplore this tendency. I only wish I were talking about a truly significant number of today's students, instead of the tiny fraction that is subject to intellectual influences of any kind.



By J. A. Bryant, Jr.

Department of English, The University of The South.

THERE ARE no real successors to the people you mention. Hemingway, Fitzgerald and to a lesser extent Shaw are still popular with undergraduates, though hardly for the same reasons as thirty years ago. The others are read, if at all, in courses in contemporary American literature; but they no longer excite students as they once did and they have no effective counterparts today.

One reason is that today most young people no longer feel the need of such figures. The rebellious attitude that characterized "flaming youth" of the mid-twenties (Irving Babbitt called it an "insurrectional attitude") was actually something that the young people had inherited from their elders, who, as young people themselves, had begun revolting against arbitrary values and decadent conventions a couple of decades earlier and then, perhaps in reaction to the shock of World War I, abruptly abandoned their revolt and threw up a new wall of prohibitions. Against the dull surface of this new, hastily improvised conservatism, the easy wit and natural high spirits of youth found a golden chance to shine brightly and made the most of it. Writers by the score provided formulations for youth's new position; and youth, flaming ahead, achieved a kind of emancipation that seemed, during the early thirties at least, a genuine emancipation of the spirit. What it really achieved was an emancipation of youth itself.

Today the conception of youth as a generation on probation seems to have weakened considerably. Accent on youth, which followed the earlier suspicion of youth, has given way to a sentimental identification with youth, so that instead of restraining the younger generation, one finds it difficult to avoid being like it. Thus the American undergraduate ranges freely in a world that has come a long way toward meeting his terms. His college courses still frequently point the way to a fuller awareness of himself and his problems, but he retires from the classroom to find reassurances on every hand that he is, after all, just as good and just as sophisticated as he conceives himself to be and that his problems, such as they are, are for the most part alien to his society in one way or another. The sea of troubles against which he must take arms contains unbuilt bridges, bacteria, subversives, international malcontents and perhaps the men from Mars; if he takes arms against himself at all, it is to beat his own score at golf, to catch a bigger fish, to fly higher, to drive faster—in short, to be bigger and better and younger than he is. It is interesting that the Hemingway who survives as an influence among undergraduates is not Hemingway the expatriate, but a Hemingway who symbolizes the virility and essential goodness of the American male and is identifiable with the warrior, the athlete and the big-game hunter.

The real influences on our present generation of students, however, tend to be anonymous or nearly so. They are the makers and sponsors of such mass media as television and the weekly "slicks," with their vaudeville, their entertaining capsules of culture, their easy digests of opinion and world affairs, their advertising. The extent to which such things as these are prevalent among us is virtually without precedent. This much is sure: the presentation of values in

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them—political, economic, religious and ethical—is too often accommodated to please healthy, good-natured adolescents of all ages, and to confirm what most citizens of Gopher Prairie have always believed, that American ingenuity can make all things easy and painless and that standardized commodities, including standardized food for the mind, are proof of a flourishing democracy in the land. It therefore becomes increasingly difficult for the novelist or poet or critic who would confront squarely the complexity of such values and explore conflicts deep within us to find a substantial audience. Perhaps that is why many of those who might have become successors to the social critics of the twenties have chosen to take temporary refuge in our colleges and universities and address their serious critiques mostly to one another.

Washington

By Malcolm Brown

Associate Professor of English, University of Washington

STRONG INTELLECTUAL or aesthetic allegiances scarcely exist among the present college generation here.

The first interest of competent students today is to get on with their technical training. Since most of them are seriously retarded in what the educationists call "reading achievement," all the time that they can spare for extraneous things must be spent in trying to raise themselves to the elementary level—in learning who Talleyrand and Neville Chamberlain were, for example, or in discovering such basic writers as Mark Twain, Dickens or Tolstoi, and lucky they are to do that. Beyond that point they are not anxious to adventure, partly no doubt because of the conformism and timidity of our times; but partly also because of the failure of present-day writers to compel the attention of their contemporaries. The newer poets, novelists and playwrights (except perhaps Arthur Miller) simply do not reach the rank and file of students.

I PASS then to the saving remnant, the adolescent intellectuals, literature majors, graduate students and the like. Here too, though much energy has been consumed in past years, the results of it all are rather flat.

In the first postwar years students were reading *Hiroshima* and *The Naked and the Dead,* and the liberalism that had caught up every generation of young intellectuals since 1920 lingered on briefly into the new age. Then suddenly it collapsed. The cold war, the 1948 elections and prosperity brought all to a stop, subjecting the talents and impulses of the earlier time to total eclipse.

The fresh crop of students had no time to waste on nostalgic yearning to recapture the emotions of 1936, which they only vaguely remembered. They were drawn to Criticism with a capital "C" and busied themselves cheerfully with destroying their intellectual predecessors. Young men calling themselves "those of us who follow T. S. Eliot" now became sensitive to certain heresies of their elders, who were found to have been positivistic, naturalistic, "progressivist" and suffering an acute case of post-Renaissance dissociation of sensibility. The new outlook by contrast embraced symbol and myth, "the sovereignty of the Word," the ubiquity of evil and, above all, irony, paradox, ambiguity and tension—catch-words so compulsive that if their use had been proscribed all adolescent literary discourse must have halted.

Stanley Edgar Hyman had the good luck to catch the crest of this wave with perfect timing in his guidebook to the new "field," whose breeziness and large sales gave some pain to the more brilliantly theoretical-minded. Students here would be found reading *The Armed Vision* at coffee, or perhaps with Brooks' *Well-Wrought Urn,* or a volume of essays by Eliot, Tate or even Pound (the hero of the moment, thought by all to be a St. Stephen martyred by Robert Hillyer's squib on the Bollingen scandal). These enthusiasms cooled rapidly in the past few years and do not, I believe, intoxicate anybody now. Eliot's essays are still read, as are the other critical pundits, Winters, Ransom, Brooks, Leavis, *et al.,* and not without respect, though students seem less attracted to their profundities than to their recantations and their savage guerilla sorties upon one another. Kenneth Burke is perhaps the most admired critic just now, partly no doubt because his manner of analysis of symbolic action lends itself to imitation and suggests to young intellectuals how they, too, may write a book on "Symbol and Myth in"—shall we say—"Warren's *Bands of Angels.*"

THE CRITICAL movement brought a radical shift in the taste of the younger literary generation here, leaving it sharper, more agile, more astringent, more professional and less prone to some of the follies of the past. But other aspects of the age of Eliot did not fix such a lasting grip on new students. The poems and the ideology they were asked to admire (after the work of demolition was completed) themselves seemed, except to a little band of those who had "earned their vision," less rewarding than had been promised. *Little Gidding,* for example, or Herbert and Donne, or Yeat's apocalyptic lyrics, though hard and dry, paradoxical, provided with objective correlative and the rest of it, seemed to many to be rather too fragile to bear the weight of importance put upon them. It was hard to dissociate them from Eliot's nasal liturgical phonograph readings. So, while students here are certainly finished with Steinbeck, they are also apt to cast a cold eye "about the center of the silent Word," repelled perhaps by the mystique, the *soi-disant* patrician tone (which is especially offensive to West Coast traditions) and by the sour countenances of Spengler, de Maistre and John Calvin only half-hidden underneath the charming surface candor.

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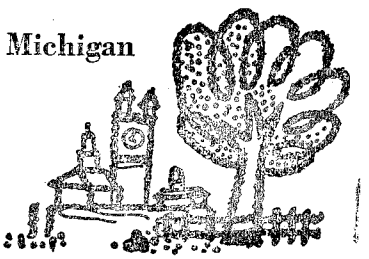
Dylan Thomas made his first visit to this campus in 1951 to deliver the most exciting public lectures heard here since Laski's sensational visit in the thirties. Thomas' youthful Welsh Methodist emotionalism relieved the air of the close odor of Baudelaire and Anglo-Catholicism. He captivated everybody, was lionized, memorized, imitated and assigned to freshmen. He returned the next year with less success, repeating the same "spontaneous" quips he had used the year before, pitifully fatigued and disoriented, and as we can see in retrospect, already half-destroyed by his tragic flaw. Afterwards his influence waned slowly, though even yet it is not altogether obliterated.

THOMAS' place here has never been filled. Hemingway and Faulkner are old men, classics who are "taught," like Dryden, to mildly interested and courteous captive audiences. The *Hudson, Kenyon* and *Sewanee Reviews* are followed, mainly to see if anything is cooking. The bookshops sell a few copies of the *Partisan* every year. The *New Yorker* is read haphazardly. There has been a bit of a flurry in Camus, Silone, Orwell and Henry Miller, indicating perhaps an incipient anarcho-existentialist phase, but if so, the nucleus is still quite feeble. The intellectual event of the past year was Robert Graves's common-grave interment of Eliot, Yeats, Pound, Auden, Spender and Thomas. Our young intellectuals liked that, proving that they, too, like the Middle East, suffer in a vacuum, at the still point of the turning wheel, biding their time and waiting for something to happen.

Meanwhile the amateur poets, students of Theodore Roethke's, are busy all about the place, producing publishable work of some promise. In philosophy the Wittgensteinians are fighting the existentialists at this moment. Amateur painters are busiest of all; hundreds of them are at work in the state, and they are abstractionist to the last paint brush. There is least sign of life in the novel. Here, as elsewhere, novelists are either somnolent or seem bewitched by the grave confusions of the day.



By Allan Seager

University of Michigan

TODAY'S UNDERGRADUATE, so far as I am acquainted with him, is untouched by the work of any writers whose influence can be clearly defined, whom all acknowledge. There is no contemporary Mencken and Hemingway is dead as a model of behavior. No one occupies their seats, nor those of Anderson, Dos Passos or Lewis, and Shaw has become merely quaint. I have sensed a vague hankering for the color and romantic irresponsibility of the twenties.

The junior who has heard of Scott Fitzgerald might like to make a series of brilliant social gestures but he does not know how to go about it. He is, quite unconsciously, deterred by history. The Depression and the War made him look away from himself. College has ceased to be a brightly-lighted stage where he discovers who he is. It is rather a processing-chamber where, with touching submissiveness, he accepts the remarks of lecturers and the hard sentences of textbooks as directives that will lead him to a job.

There are, I think, reasons for this. First of all, your undergraduate is a member of a generation which believes that the boom since 1940 is the American way of life. He cannot remember anything but prosperity. The Depression which frightened his father reaches him through his father's urgent warnings to get himself settled into a good job, which he wants to do anyway because he has been conditioned to believe that he has a right to the "good things" of life. These turn out to be, of course, the big cars and the cashmere overcoats of the advertisers. Thrift, which his father would have heard of, has been replaced by *carpe diem;* and this is not an expression of an Epicurean philosophy, but only the Madison Avenue sales pitch. Few at the age of twenty are sound critics of the society they live in and the others reach for the images of life that are most insistently offered them. Today these are images of luxury.

He is also in a big hurry. Military service will, he believes, waste two years of his youth. (I have yet to see any student who thinks he will benefit by his training in the armed forces.) This would be enough to keep him from dawdling, from going to Europe on a cattle-boat or sampling one job after another as people did in the twenties. But added to this is fear. He seems to take this fear so much for granted that it is hard for him to be articulate about it. "War" and "the bomb" are the words that eventually come out of any discussion and he says he wants to get some living done before anything happens.

It is extremely interesting, perhaps encouraging, that the living he wants to do is not self-indulgent. He is eager to break into the accepted social pattern of marriage and a career. Since these are the accepted patterns, he naturally believes they are the right ones and he can be awfully pompous about his future. I have seen many undergraduate marriages go on the rocks because they were begun too early.

FURTHER, like most of the high-school graduates of the last twenty-five years, he has been submitted to Progressive Education in one of its many strengths or dilutions. Without discussing its intentions or its methods, I can say that the majority of these graduates arrive in college with hardly any background in literature, history or philosophy and many of them find simple prose almost illegible. Television and the comic book probably add to the difficulty. Now the old *American Mercury* was discovered by the undergraduate; professors did not then teach Mencken. If a similar magazine were to appear, edited by a man with Mencken's bounce and ire (an unlikely apparition, now, considering the general conformity), I doubt if the undergraduate would take it

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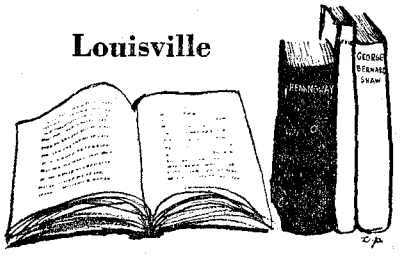
up because, first, it would be too hard to read; and, second, because he would not feel he could spare the time for intellectual pursuit that did not clearly make him ready for his economic niche.

Statistically, college students are our intellectual elite. In twenty years they will run the most powerful nation on earth. For this they will have been trained but not educated; they will have inherited our native Puritanism; they will have the manners taught in their Life Adjustments class and modified by the members of their corporate group; they will work hard and have large families. They will be earnest but dull. There are worse types, and now, before they buckle on the clamps of the career, their youth and vitality make them very attractive.

Louisville



By Harvey Curtis Webster

Professor of English, University of Louisville

THIS POST (or pre) war generation of students is notable, first of all, for what it doesn't read. Gone is the urge to read proletarian fiction, Marxist or Catholic or liberal philosophy, books about society (such as *Middletown*), books about politics, economics, international affairs. They don't know Mencken; have never heard of Cabell; read Lewis as though they'd read him before; realize *USA* is supposed to be good, know it is very long and concerns as era they're dimly curious about; connect Dewey with the dullest education courses; believe O'Neill only stageable; think Gide, Malraux, Huxley, Sholokoff, Bennett mere candidates for a sometime reading list. Naturally I am talking of the students I know and admire out of class and of the book no professor *makes* them read or advises them off of (under compulsion, a few discover some of these — like Shakespeare, Plato, Chaucer and Dickens —less dull than they expected).

The kind of books the most alert read are usually those they hope will confirm the universality of their individual quandaries or help them out of them. Though they read Auden's poems with pleasure and frequent approval, none of them need him to tell them that this is an age of anxiety. Draft boards and headlines and radio and TV made them aware of that before they reached college. They don't, like the NYA students of the thirties, go to left-wing writers for The Way Out. For democracy, like E. M. Forster, they can muster only two cheers. Though their vote is for love, the beloved kingdom, they are as fearful as the non-Utopian writers that the good may not prevail. Though they worked for and voted for Stevenson, they were not surprised at his defeat. They feel as tiny and as important as the little magazine they publish, hope for individual peace and endurance, act as if the contemporary mess may change into international order, concentrate on the corner where they know they will be for some time, cultivate their friends and, from a distance, love their enemies.

FEELING so (and I think their feeling is conditioned mainly by what happened before they entered college and by what they discover off campus), they still have an extra-curricular liking for some older writers. Fitzgerald, especially in *Tender Is the Night*, seems a relevant clarifier of their own anxieties. Dreiser confirms their distaste for commercialism (in a way he did not intend), their belief in and pity for the individual overwhelmed by "forces." Anderson, in *Winesburg*, shows them what they believe their neighbors are, while *A Story-Tellers Story* suggests a way of rebellion they wish could be theirs. Hemingway they read and imitate, but it is significant that their favorites are *The Sun Also Rises, Farewell to Arms* and *The Old Man and the Sea* —not *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Existentialism, Christian or Sartreian, is the philosophy they trust most. Freud, especially as he is modified by Horney, Fromm and Sullivan, is *the* psychologist — a guide to adjustment that is not mere acquiescence.

Confused, hoping for hope, sensitive, their taste in more recent fiction, poetry and criticism is eclectic, highly individualized, difficult to generalize. Nearly all have read, agreed with, and dismissed as obvious the war novels of Mailer, Jones and Irwin Shaw. Nearly all have been delighted by *The Adventures of Augie March*, have admired Eliot's later style and early substance, have envied Pound's persistent idiosyncrasy, have imitated Cummings' vivid alternation between delight and disgust, have agreed with Faulkner's Nobel oration and, not over-hopefully, wished his wish to put the clock back and right. Their new novelists (some of them old) they consider stimulators rather than legislators: Warren, Salinger, Styron, Orwell, Wright Morris, William March, Ralph Ellison, Joyce Cary, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh (they rarely follow the last two's theology) and Thomas Mann, the only European who still seems very important: "the chief problem is to become adjusted to not being adjusted." The poets — apart from Cummings, Eliot, Auden and Pound — are Marianne Moore, Rothke, Thomas and some lesser others they read in *New World Writing, Campus Writing* and their own magazine, *Views*. Their short-story writers are J. F. Powers, Salinger, March, Hemingway, Faulkner, Porter, Welty, Bowen, Dan Curley, Angus Wilson. Their critics are Trilling and Edmund Wilson, the former much more enthusiastically than the latter.

I HOPE I do not give too dismal or too inaccurate a view — useful generalizing is false. Personally I wish more of them would go back, as a few do, to Waldo Frank and the early Dos Passos, for I am inclined to agree with C. P. Snow (whom my students should and don't read) and with Malcolm Cowley and Granville Hicks (whom they read too infrequently) that we should get back to the literature that stresses inter-personal, societal relations. Still, as deep as it goes, the ground my

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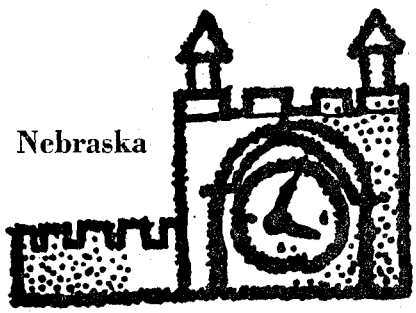
students stand on is firm. Like Marianne Moore, they recognize the enemy within, the hatred that disguises itself as universal benevolence; like Ralph Ellison, they deplore the invisibility of the steam-rollered man; like Dylan Thomas and E. M. Forster (strange conjunction) they know that the source of life's values is the recognition of the inevitability of death. They have no baseless prejudices against color, creed, nation or class. They know that all men should be the brothers they are not.



By Karl Shapiro

Department of English, University of Nebraska

WHEN I READ your question, a phrase poped into my mind: the Brain-Washed Generation. But I dismissed it immediately, although it keeps coming back. It has been common talk among teachers in universities for a good many years that students have become increasingly bland in every way. Passivity is the last word we expect to use in connection with a generation of students, but it's the only word that applies to the American university student of the past few years. Nor is there any way of "placing the blame." Nothing is the cause, as the Russian said. As a teacher, however, I worry about the condition of youth, and I think of the causes. There are three at least: loss of political idealism, the contemporaneity of cultural values, and prosperity.

The generation of students that fought the Korean War was deeply embittered by it; I think this applies whether the students soldiered in Korea or stayed home. To them it was an abstract war in which real blood was shed. They fought under an abstract banner over imaginary boundaries; when they "won" the war they suddenly lost it in an abstract retreat. (Was it not on this issue that Stevenson was defeated the first time?) Only political experts could comprehend the necessity of that war; I am convinced that political idealism was shattered or paralyzed in the minds of our Korean generation. The vague but comforting symbol of Eisenhower has seeped into the vacuum of this generation's mind.

There is a significant difference between the Eisenhower prosperity and the frenetic prosperity of the twenties; Fitzgerald would be without subject matter in the fifties. Prosperity is considered by our young to be the normal state of affairs, and the only reason we have not actually achieved the bourgeois millenium is that one can look forward to four cars per family instead of two, etc. Chamber of Commerce morality is flourishing as never before; the caricatures of Sinclair Lewis are today's cabinet ministers; and who was the King who appointed Prime Minister Eisenhower? Was it not Henry R. Luce? The Ultras are back in the saddle, religious amulets and all.

Nor is there any evidence of Conservatism, which is a positive force, among the students themselves; there is only indifference. For this, at least, we can thank God. There is no philosophy of smugness among the young; they are politically comatose but not yet committed. And they are rationalist enough to avoid the smelly evangelism of the mass magazines. Our young somnambulists, whether they are cruising down the highway at eighty miles an hour in their hard-top convertibles or sitting in class with sealed lips, are listeners. Are they really listening? Their minds are as quiet as mice.

The other cause I mentioned I called (in the mangled English of our time) the contemporaniety of cultural values. This generation has no place to incubate. Writers and artists have become professors, and young people of talent meet with the creative spirit in an academic world. For the writers or artists, nothing could be better. For the young talent there is a clear and present danger of turning analytical before the blood runs cold. Colonies of Bohemia, of course, are old hat and can survive only in California, where the cultural lag takes on the character of a literary renaissance. I wish I could find a student who yells that he hates T. S. Eliot. Instead I have to listen to youngsters (sometimes Jews) who argue quietly why they like Ezra Pound. May I permit myself one dogmatic remark about books of this generation? It is that one of the most important works of the twentieth century is the textbook called *Understanding Poetry*. It is the book that took poetry off the street and put it in the laboratory. It has not only revolutionized the teaching of literature; it has practically put a stop to genius. Every composition text and anthology shows its influence; the brainless and beautiful poetry of our leading verse magazines derives from *Understanding Poetry*. The objectivity of such teaching tools prevents the young writer from creating standards of his own; the result is no standard at all.

I am sorry for the intellectually godless. For them the mysteries are dead. I pity them: they will have no memories.

By George R. Stewart

Professor of English at the University of California

THE PRESENT generation has no gods and heroes of its own. Intellectual and literary-minded undergraduates now seem to be reading the writers who flourished in the twenties. These are not the same writers who were admired by the undergraduates-in-revolt of that time, as you list them. Mencken, Lewis, Cabell, Anderson, Dos Passos, O'Neill are either completely out-

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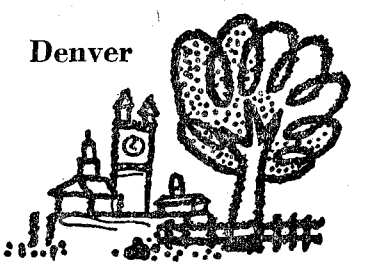
moded or somewhat old-hat. Hemingway and Fitzgerald are admired. In addition, the undergraduates now seem to admire other writers of the twenties, such as Joyce, Faulkner and that good gray poet, T. S. Eliot. This is very discouraging. I would take it as meaning one of two things, or both: first, we are still living off the fat of the twenties, and new and young voices are not managing to make themselves heard; or else the present generation of undergraduates is timid, unadventurous and conforming, and so takes what its professors tell it. There is, of course, a third possibility—that my appraisal is incorrect.

So far I have considered the situation with respect to individual writers. As regards ideas and movements, there is perhaps more change to be noted, but again we find the undergraduates tending to accept the opinions of their professors. Thus, there has been a growth of what has been called "the revolt against reason." This shows in the increased admiration accorded Joyce and certain of Faulkner's works, and in a very general attitude toward poetry. Gertrude Stein, who was considered something of a joke in the twenties, is now taken rather seriously. (Like the others, however, she cannot be considered a writer of the present generation.) One student informed me that there is among undergraduates a tendency toward a "revolt against the revolt against reason." This is the only connection in which my investigation of student thinking caused me to hear the word "revolt."

THERE IS also a tremendous interest in criticism, and sometimes this seems to be an interest in the subject itself, not in the light it may shed upon literature. As with the writers admired, however, the admired critics are also those of the older generation, such as Eliot and the New Critics, who seem to maintain a kind of perpetual youth because of their associated adjective, even though they are, individually, gray-haired. This undergraduate interest and criticism goes as far, I sometimes think, as to make them want to be critics instead of—as in the twenties—novelists or poets.

In short, as far as I can sense the situation, there is far too little sense of excitement, of contemporaneousness, of eager and rebellious youth. Someone should let loose a literary bomb that would blow the whole situation to pieces and put us into a state of flux again. If something of the sort doesn't happen soon, the undergraduate generation following this one may well never escape from childhood involvement with the blandishments of TV and the other mass media.



By Alan Swallow

Publisher; formerly taught at the University of Denver.

IF ONE HAD visited the campuses in the twenties, I am sure that he would have found the pervading atmosphere one of clichés—apathy to intellectual currents, much concern with the "normal" life of fraternities, football and fornication. Yet this was a decade of seething ferment under the guidance of Mencken, the Chicago writers, the expatriates. Likewise, in the thirties, when I went to college, the "normal" campus life was hardly intellectual at all. Yet that decade, also, was one of ferment, of awakened social consciousness, debate over political parties and philosophies.

Similarly, the ordinary campus of today will seem a little dull; on the surface, even more dull than in those former decades. The reasons are that the "normal" campus life remains still caught up in activities of little meaning, and that the lives of those caught up in intellectual debate are somehow more scattered, less overtly intense, than in those decades remembered, I'm afraid, with a sad nostalgia.

But the impact of ideas is still there on the campus; I should judge that proportionately it is greater than before. Those of us who have taught have seen it: the student being hit hard in the guts with some ideas that disturb him and force him to do some thinking; the student who is afire with an idea which has expanded his life.

I do not think, however, that there is a dominant source of these ideas for the student today—no Mencken, none of the muckrakers, no Marx, no single spokesman for art, literature and culture in the inanity of bourgeois America; in other words, little of the conscious, directed revolt of the two former decades.

Instead, I think the largest number of the intellectuals on the campus are liberals; yet after the follies of the liberals in recent years, they might be described as "skeptical liberals." They tend to be a bit world-weary, a bit knowledgeable, a bit unwilling to jump madly off the deep end because an idea has them in tow. This is not the "lost generation" feeling of the twenties; it lacks the scenery of that melodrama, but is much more abiding and deep. I think that the young intellectual of today, insofar as he may be described by a common denominator, is very strongly rooted in skepticism of all "pronouncements." In this he seems more mature to me than the young intellectual of the twenties and thirties, though he lacks the colorful and driving enthusiasm which was part of the former glories.

In the field of literature, which I know best, it is very clear that one of the truly revolutionary books of our times is *Understanding Poetry*, by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren. It has a host of imitators, in both poetry and prose concerns (indeed, Brooks and Warren wrote one of the imitations in their *Understanding Fiction*), but none has been so good or so influential as the original. Why has the book been revolutionary? Because it has been the single most important influence upon a whole generation of teachers in college English departments; it has changed the teaching of literature in our colleges.

This influence, I think, has been mostly to the good. It has bright-

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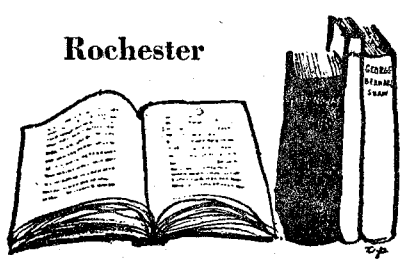
ened up the college English courses in many respects; it has provoked the student to some thought he otherwise might not have had; it has made him "see" literature more carefully than did his counterpart.

However, there have been some bad results, also. As the young teachers "fell in line," a new kind of academic unimaginativeness has been created. And the second generation has been, on the whole, pretty poor.

One of the unremarked but truly pervasive influences upon the young literary intellectuals has been that of Yvor Winters. I think without doubt that his *In Defense of Reason* will go down as the most significant book of literary criticism of the times; and over a generation, it will outsell all but the very "popular" volumes of so-called criticism. He is much maligned in print, popularly chided in polite conversation, but read by the young. For here is something of an anomaly suitable to the kind of searching they seem to be doing: a liberal in politics, a "reactionary" in esthetic matters, an intransigent believer that truth may be found and stated; in addition, he speaks his mind forcefully, clearly and with no quarter given.

Rochester



by R. J. Kaufmann

Department of English, University of Rochester

THE FIRST THING that distinguishes this generation of students is the way they whisper their hopes. For them the intellectual life approaches at its worst a private vice to be gratified in intense, confidential sessions with their mentors or better initiated friends—and by the conspiratorial act of reading. For the best of the students, reading a serious book — say Camus' *The Rebel,* Mann's *Dr. Faustus,* or even, to name a book which has complexly aroused nearly all of them, *The Catcher in the Rye*—is so little a passive act that the best language they can discover to describe their feelings constantly draws, unwittingly one supposes, on the imagery of sexual dalliance. Not only does this suggest how potent fiction provokes the strong emotional responses which students are so prudently and craftily unwilling to make to the external world generally, but it also suggests how sub-institutional this whole generation is.

Today's undergraduates don't like politics as such. For them, I think, programmatic socialism has about the same vaguely attractive but still thoroughly antiquated quaintness that the more courtly but manly apologists for the genteel tradition had for us in the 30s — something pleasant but irrelevant, or better something generous but rather sillily oblivious to the nature of power. I should say, too, that quite contrary to the advertised statistics, they don't much like institutionalized religion, though they will practice an unblinking "occasional conformity" with the demands of a society which says: "Go to church and rise in the world." They don't respect authority as such, just because they concede its superficial rights too readily; unless middle-age post-liberals realize this simple fact they will constantly misconstrue motive in, and misdirect their appeals to, the oncoming generation. I think there is no question that the vital core of this generation is engaged in a spiritual and intellectual temporizing action, essentially and broadly skeptical; it operates behind a mask of attentive compliance in order to preserve the pleasures it understands. It lives in a medium of low-pressure doubt which would be intolerable to anyone who had ever experienced the exhilaration of conviction.

So, though today's students dislike religion and politics in matured form — as institutions, as statutory things—they are endlessly curious about their genesis in the roots of religious belief, in the origins of common bonds in society, in the derivation of words, and above all in the psychogenesis and the social teleology of love. They want to know how men get things started; they want to learn how men learn to care. Hemingway's code is too exclusive for them, for though they are characteristically moved by the cruel deprivation of Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises,* they suspect the stoical postures of the later books. Love, for them, isn't an end; it must be, they feel, a means, though to what they are imperfectly sure. They like Yeats, because he cares so strongly for the preservation of everything—because he was so unwilling to give up love, or political commitment, or the public claims of art, or gaiety, in the face of tragic fact. They like Lawrence, too, though he seems a little shrill to them at times. But they like his courageous, nearly monomaniacal return to the fountains of feeling; they like his spiritual resilience. In their language, he "cares." Several of them like Saul Bellow, though his work is more sombre than they find quite congenial; he seems, as one of them said, "to be enlarged by what he knows."

THE STUDENTS want tremendously to believe that after knowledge there is forgiveness, that one can know the world and still love life. They are suspicious of the lack of conviction in themselves, but they have been so seriously over-sold on contrived panaceas that they want to see anything they give their allegiance to grow, as it were, before their eyes and existentially tested in the fictional experience of a protagonist who suffers inclusively but without too glamorously dramatizing his own plight. They like Conrad, and with reservations they like Dostoevsky, whose baroque bad manners they pardon but do not overlook. They like Joyce's *Portrait* very well up to the point in which he works out his elaborate aesthetic and then "he seems to gain resolution by omitting too much feeling."

It is just this on which my experience of this generation of students tells me I must conclude: they want above all to avoid the destruction of the feelings they don't know how to trust, which they fear to test fully, and yet which they seem to know we must somehow preserve and strengthen in the proper ways

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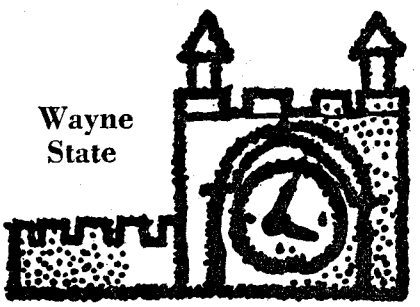
if we are to survive. The satirists who delighted the twenties and thirties—Waugh, part of Shaw, the rediscovered Firbank, even Sinclair Lewis—they respond to too sentimentally really to like. They can't generate sufficient detachment to see the comedy and they judge satiric exposure as cruelty. Only the satiric writers with almost an excess of feeling reach them. I've yet to teach a student who didn't like *Winesburg, Ohio*. Orwell, too. His embattled passion and his kind of furious attentions to mankind reach them with, it seems, no inkling of political doctrine accompanying it.

I remember that Santayana said that Emerson was precisely a "transcendental reader" for he read "only to find out what he was thinking himself." This much under-rated generation we are teaching is, I should say, made up of most untranscendental readers, of readers whose main feature is a kind of homeless and questing sympathy. It is a generation which reads mainly to find out what man can feel and what he can do with the feelings which are worthy of him.



By Charles Shapiro

Instructor in English and the Humanities at Wayne State University (Detroit)

WAYNE IS A public college in an industrial city. It is a commonplace that if your folks have money you go to the University of Michigan; if not, you go to Wayne. A goodly proportion of the Wayne students hold part- or full-time jobs, and so it would seem that here, at a workingman's school, there would be little desire to imitate the social evils of a Big Ten university. Yet the pitiful housing decorations during Homecoming, and such ridiculous events as fraternity wheel-barrow races, indicate that too many students are desperately trying to be part of a way of life which should be alien to them. Like students at more high-powered universities, Wayne undergrads seem to want to divorce their lives from their education.

The gap between American life and the American student is, too often, a pleasant one, resulting in professors more interested in entertaining than teaching, and a placid atmosphere of compliance and agreement. The better students, however, are aware of the dull conformity, and register their private protests by retiring into themselves or by reinforcing their sense of difference with cursory readings of the existentialists, preferably in the more palatable form of the novel. One of the more admired of the intellectual leaders speaks highly of Camus: "He taught me to be indifferent."

The literary universe has provided no true spokesmen for the thinking student in the way that Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Lewis captured an attitude towards America which was recognized and shared. And there is no modern substitute for that little green badge of protest, the cover of the *American Mercury*. So there are no novelists (Saul Bellow and others who should be loved are either ignored or scorned as special pleaders); there are no Menckens; there are no magazines; and the world of enthusiastic ideas, with its questioning vigor which should be the first gift of the college to the student, has been stolen away. It is small wonder that our good, often brilliant, students live pepless lives of cynicism and tolerance.

There is, of course, the usual group of poets and writers, once bohemian, now softened in their protesting and their radicalism. Laughed at by the rest of the campus, they are bound together by their aloneness, an isolation often caused by personal rather than intellectual troubles. Their writing is atrociously inept, and for a good reason: their subject matter is usually far removed from their experiences. Living in a factory city, many being members of minority groups (Negro, Jewish or, particularly in Detroit, Polish) the stuff for their writing is all about. Yet last year, while helping judge the annual writing contest, I was surprised to see the amount of phony, illiterate work submitted.

Perhaps even more horrifying is the picture of the average student. To quote a student friend: "The majority come to college because it is the only thing to do. They can't go to work because if they are male they can't get any decent job, and if they are female they are typed dull and middle-class. The question then arises: why loaf at home or travel when one can loaf through college and be with one's friends?"

In class they get along, accepting what their teachers tell them. As to the intellectual influences on them, there really are none. "I never read a book that influenced me." "I guess I was most influenced by Norman Vincent Peale and Lowell Thomas." "The novel which taught me the most was *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*. It taught me to slow down for a while, but [sigh] now I'm back in the groove again."

Repeatedly I find students suspicious and vaguely angered by what they term "phony intellectuals." When pinned down, the epithet refers "to someone with an inferiority complex who is always in the library" or "someone who is unhappy and is going to get into trouble one of these days." The average student is certain of several things. He's not a phony, he's happy and he's ahead of the game.

Why should the splendid minds, with such fine potentiality, seem so unenthusiastic? Why should the creative talents seem so moribund? Why a workingman's college obsessed by rich men's attitudes? And why no voice—novelist, poet, or es-

The Students' Vocational Invocation

Oh mute managerial Muses,
Sitting stiff-lipped in Committee,
We don't ask to be
Battered or fired,
Seasoned or inspired;
We don't seek Wisdom's warmth;
We just want,
Each of us,
A good job.

Jonathan Schwartz
Wayne State University

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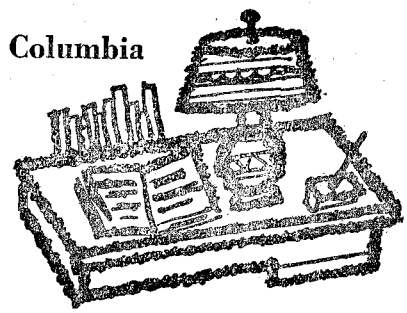
sayist—that speaks to them, stirs them and is part of their lives?

Part of the blame lies in the colleges themselves. The increasing power and influence of the Schools of Business and Education, with their respective stress on Money and Mediocrity, has left students apathetic and hostile to challenging ideas. All methodology, all courses on how to get along, they adjust their students into blandness. Vaudeville didn't really die. It read Dale Carnegie, bought some stock and marched from the Palace to the lecture platforms of our universities. Oddly enough, there is enough life in the students so that they recognize these courses for what they are; yet, as pragmatists, they take the easy way out. The next generation won't even know they are being fed nonsense by nonentities.

Part of the blame, of course, is shared by the country which, at present, is too content. Television and the other mass media give the students a steady diet of values which do not lead to much inquiry. There is a widely held belief that a religious revival has hit the campuses; students are supposed to be burning copies of Marx and Freud and returning to the Good Book. However, despite such deplorable gimmicks as "Religious Emphasis Week," it would not be accurate to call this a penetrating, meaningful movement. Campus religious groups, as always, are looked on more as opportunities to meet dates than the Diety.

The day of student action, of petitions, eager discussions and picket lines is long gone. A few scattered Socialist groups remain, and future lawyers know enough to join the Young Democrats or Republicans. But when the campus Socialist group was eliminated last year, just before Academic Freedom week was celebrated on campus, the end of an era was official. Perhaps this is all for the good. In a machine age, with automation almost here, individualism might make the training of so many students a bit difficult. But I can't help feeling, as do many of my colleagues, that we are dooming too many wonderful youngsters to four years of stagnation.

Columbia



By Richard Chase

Associate Professor, Columbia University

IT IS DIFFICULT to say exactly who are "the leading intellectual, artistic and ethical influences on the present generation of students." The influences are many, diverse and not very strongly felt. The students of the present generation, although earnest in their search for truth, do not often react spontaneously or directly to the writers who influence them. They do not have the passion for discipleship or the inspiring sense of belonging to a movement of intellectual liberation, such as their fathers and mothers felt when they were stirred by Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Dos Passos or Shaw.

In a general way, the accepted idea that contemporary students are conservative and conformist is true. Yet this is not the whole truth. I often sense that students fall back on conservative ideas about politics, morals and art with an implied apology and with some irony. The best ones are not too happy with their conservatism, but they don't find any alternative that strikes them as real. The colorful individual gesture toward intellectual and moral freedom and personal autonomy which was characteristic of the twenties does not seem possible, at least not in its old-fashioned form. Political passion of the sort that gave people a mission in the thirties, present-day students know nothing of. The existentialist and religious preoccupation of the forties interests them, but stirs up little enthusiasm.

One's overall impression of the present generation is that whatever conflicting and rebellious ideas it has have come to rest in a rather futile stasis and deadlock, analogues to the international cold-war situation. Thus the observer has some trouble in clearly defining the students' state of mind, and in predicting what direction it may take when it begins to take one.

Meanwhile there are certain recognizable types among the students (undergraduate as well as graduate). Three of these might be called the conservative highbrow, the irritable middlebrow and the would-be radical. These labels represent cultural values in general, rather than political values. The bright students (except for an occasional maverick) do not associate their best hopes or strongest convictions with politics.

The conservative highbrow (not, in the pure form, a very numerous breed) has taken his ideas about literature from Henry James, T. S. Eliot and the New Critics. His notion of social and moral issues is derived from the modern attack on liberal and democratic values, which, rightly or wrongly, he associates with critics like Eliot, Allen Tate, R. P. Blackmur and Lionel Trilling. These views, it must be stressed, do not constitute any sort of "movement." Rather, they amount to a new pedantry, no better or worse than other pedantries. To speak, as many people do, of a whole generation ruined by the New Critics makes little sense.

THE IRRITABLE middlebrow is less easily defined, but one thing is sure: his views are less prone to pedantry than those of the conservative highbrow. The irritable middlebrow is usually a graduate student who has been through a good deal of hardship in his so far uncompleted quest for freedom and status in the intellectual world. He is the just-returned veteran or the harrassed young family man. One might observe this type, for example, in Shanks Village, the intellectual backyard of Columbia for ten years after the war, and in the similar communities of trailers, shacks and Nissen huts that still exist around Indiana University. In these university slums, which would not be tolerated by most factory workers, new attitudes have been formed. They are distinctly not revolutionary attitudes, however. True, the personal and sexual attitudes of

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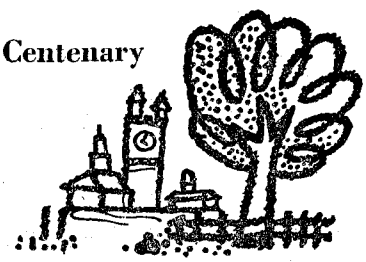
these slum-dwelling students are likely to be very free. They read D. H. Lawrence and, if they are interested in psychoanalysis, they are Reichians. But their general cultural values are conservative and may best be described as provincial, protestant and moralistic. Counterparts of the English academic characters in the novels of Kingsley Amis, they find leadership in critics like F. R. Leavis. Their hardship, their struggle for status, have left them too irritable and irascible, or with too much bitter humor, to fathom the complexities of Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Proust, Melville, James, Whitman and Faulkner (even if they had time to try). They prefer the equable moralism of George Eliot or the less equable but no less Anglo-Saxon moralism of Lawrence. Like Leavis, they distrust and dislike French—and in its extremer forms, American—culture.

The irritable middlebrows are thus a curious combination of rebellion and conventionalism. One fears, however, that once they have made their way in the world, their rebelliousness will disappear and they will have little of value to contribute to the intellectual life.

The would-be radical is a less common type than the other two, because he is only beginning to feel that an opportunity to express himself is arising. With him, insurgence is a genuine intellectual passion, not just a function of petty-bourgeois status-seeking. He is not a Marxist, probably not a Socialist of any kind. For him, revolution is something that ought to take place in the nonpolitical aspects of culture. Accordingly he looks back admiringly to the twenties, when people thought somewhat as he does. He is particularly moved by the radical cultural critique launched between 1912 and 1918 by Van Wyck Brooks and Randolph Bourne. He reads with sympathy the contemporary students of culture, such as Malcolm Cowley and John W. Aldridge, but quickly discovers that these writers apparently have nothing to offer except an attack on the "highbrows" and the "university critics." He wants something more usable than that. What he wants—and perhaps aspires to launch himself—is a modern equivalent of the Brooks-Bourne school of thought. This student is acutely aware of the hostility of our contemporary conformist culture to any signs of genuine rebellion. He is painfully aware too of the scattered, disunified quality of his feelings and ideas. But sometimes he is so bold as to think that a revitalized American culture depends on him. I think he is right.



By John R. Willingham

Associate Professor of English at Centenary College (Shreveport, La.)

NO NAMES such as those you mention as influencing the students of the twenties have appeared as an undergraduate court of ultimate appeal in the mid-fifties. So marked is the lack of intellectual and artistic leadership that the undergraduate today pores over the works of the twenties as if they were Dead Sea Scrolls transformed by thirty years of sea change into classics rich if no longer strange. The prestige of the writer of "only yesterday" is still very real for today's undergraduate: he approaches them, reverently armed with *explication de texte,* and theories of Freud and Jung. He can trace patterns of imagery deftly, postulate mythical frameworks profoundly and diagnose the psychic wounds of man and artist with assurance.

However, I detect the student's profound envy of the undergraduate of the twenties, who thought he and his literary idols had a common cause for rebellion against sexual, moral and artistic taboos of all kinds. Rebellion suggested action, and there were exciting manifestoes to be carried out. But the rebellion of the twenties was carried on so aggressively under the aegis of its literary galaxy that little remains for the youth in the Eisenhower Age to clear away. Nor does he seem particularly interested in social, intellectual or moral "slum clearance." His life is so comfortably patterned after the present-day economic myth that rejection of the pattern has become unthinkable.

Joyce remains something of an undergraduate idol even though *Ulysses* is still essentially the property of graduate students. I think George Orwell and Aldous Huxley have provided a considerable amount of instruction and delight for juniors and seniors, though my impression is that their impact is waning. The poetry and criticism of Eliot and Pound continue to be intriguing, but Dylan Thomas, alone among more recent poets, seems to have caught the undergraduate imagination.

IN THE THIRTIES and forties college students seemed to be leaning toward social and political protest and bardic exaltation of the American tradition. There were unmistakable campus cults of Algren, Steinbeck, Wolfe and Farrell. The war and its confusing aftermath permitted the resurgence of both Naturalism and democratic idealism in the middle and late forties in the work of Norman Mailer, James Jones and Ross Lockridge, Jr., whose books elicited a real if short-lived campus enthusiasm through the early 1950s. But the students to whom they spoke are now encased in gray flannel suits, and the big postwar novels have been put away with discharge certificates and war souvenirs. Nowadays, undergraduates I talk to outside the classroom speak of the postwar books, if at all, with condescension and boredom. These writers never really competed with the big names of the jazz age.

In the absence of "a lost generation" of writers, the Southern writers have occupied the undergraduate garrison by default. Perhaps this happened because they seemed so ready-made to fit all the canons of neo-orthodoxy, the New Criticism, the house of fiction, etc. The older Southern writers—Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter and Warren—make heavy demands upon a declin-

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ing reading ability and thus have lost ground with many of the undergraduates to some of the younger writers.

Reading difficulties do not explain this shift completely: there is also the attraction of getting lost in the miasmas, tarns, tree-houses and hothouses of a writer like Truman Capote, whi certainly is a great undergraduate favorite. One of my colleagues has suggested that the undergraduate today so wistfully seeks a sentimental lostness that he is content to encounter it in the synthetic, smelly decay of Southern Gothic.

This kind of lostness serves to compensate romantically, I think, for the formidable "foundness" of the all-pervading conservatism in politics, religion and critical precepts. Having discovered that you don't have to go home again if you never really leave, the college student enjoys the metamorphosis of his very comfortable home into a decaying Southern mansion of the imagination with secrets too fearful to behold or too ambiguous to spell out clearly. It is entirely possible that, having taught in the South for several years, I exaggerate the peculiar appeal of the Southern writers. But student critical and creative writing in campus literary journals from all over the country indicates that the Southerners are read everywhere.

HOWEVER, all is not darkness on the delta: William Goyen has been enthusiastically "discovered" by some undergraduates; and Mr. Goyen does not like to be called a Southern writer for what I take to be obvious reasons. He and Carson McCullers have both shaped a deep, positive world view even though they have utilized materials of the Southern tradition. Tennessee Williams and Eudora Welty, both of whom have the saving graces of humor and form, are greatly admired. Perhaps in these writers is the germ of a leadership which may give today's student population an authentic voice. This generation ought not to have to subsist entirely on the classics of yesterday or the minor, regional writers of our own tired day.

Letter from Belgrade

(*Continued from inside cover.*)

to the bosom of the West, welcomed for her recalcitrance towards Russia and her corollary nuisance value in the great anti-Communist crusade; the Tripartite Aid Program (U.S., British and French) came along. The country was hurt by the Russian economic blockade; but by 1950, with her people clamoring for better living, she had a clear idea of how she would cut out for herself one of these "many roads to socialism."

"It is no accident that the speeches of Stalin and his colleagues never mention relations between men. Stalin thought only in terms of tons of this and tons of that. With us, workers, men, became our prime concern in 1948. Not workers for production, but production for workers. We wanted no more unknown faces to have any authority in our future. Authority must be in the hands of leaders chosen by the workers themselves." This is what a Yugoslav official told me. At its utopian brightest, the vision is of socialism in which both the Communist Party and the state will have withered away, leaving only so much of the state as may be necessary to conduct foreign and defense affairs and to coordinate sectional efforts in national projects. "Factories to the workers," said Marx.

The dictatorship *of* the proletariat, said the Yugoslavs, must mean *by* the proletariat, not *over* the proletariat. In 1950 they set up their first workers' councils, upon the broad base of which they have sought to establish "direct democracy" in all affairs of the state—social, political and economic—from the planning stages right through to the distribution of profits and the sharing of non-economic benefits. All collective enterprises are the property of the state, but the worker at the lathe elects his own management bodies by secret ballot from an open list of candidates, without regard for party membership. Councils have been set up in mines, factories, large shops and almost everything else. With modifications in methods of administration, the principle was extended even to hospitals, schools and the national welfare and insurance schemes. At the same time, the several states of the federation were given greater autonomy and they in turn passed on powers to the communities. Considerable experimentation is still going on. The human element gives trouble here and there, because "selfishness and greed are not foreign to socialism." But it is conceded by foreign observers here that the system is working well.

THE SEVEREST critics of Yugoslavia and Titoism are Russian *and* Yugoslav. The one is for less of it; the other wants yet more. Briefly, domestic critics say the process of decentralization has been arrested sharply since 1954. They say the proof of socialism is in a man's pay envelope — plus an honored code of ethics, plus tolerance — but that the real wages of skilled workers have not improved compared with prewar. The limitation of 10 hectares (25.4 acres) in the size of single-holding farms is "stupid." There are too many people holding too much power because they are old comrades; but they are blockheads as well (say the critics) who must look for guidance from the top in their inability to assess the demands from below. In short, there isn't enough freedom.

It is clear that these critics are more heretical than Tito, the arch-heretic; and that Russian bureaucracy has more to fear from their direction in Yugoslavia than she has reason to hope for any shift back to orthodoxy. An Italian Communist delegation came through here a little while back, wearing a worried look over things at home, and expressed great interest in the Yugoslav experiment. And even in Czechoslovakia, most disciplined of all the children, there is talk of "decentralizing." In faraway Jakarta, the Indonesian government, also in a bit of trouble, is studying how Tito did it. India is friendly; so is China, for in the end Chou En-lai will also do just as he pleases. Yugoslavia is sure now that she is at home among a large band of respectable neutrals in a world in which opinion grows that Russia has a lion by the tail.

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sciousness of indefinable rejections and rebellions that are part of the malaise of our times.

As we have come to expect from Salinger's other work, the main devices of characterization in *The Catcher in the Rye* are an apparently effortless verisimilitude of dialogue and an unerring sense of the appropriate in details of gesture, of bodily movement. There is a further fictional device, used elsewhere in his short stories, but of paramount importance in his novel in creating a hold on the reader. It is his use of almost Chaplin-like incidents and dialogue, half-amusing, half-desperate, to keep his story always hovering in ambivalence between comedy and tragedy. Whenever a character approaches hopelessness in a Salinger sketch, he is getting there by the route of the comic. It is usually both the character's way of holding on for a moment longer (as when the husband in "A Perfect Day for Banana Fish" goes out of his way to insult a proper dowager just before he kills himself) and, at its sharpest, a way of dramatic irony, a way of heightening the intensity of a character's predicament (as when Holden attempts to be bored with sex to get rid of a prostitute). But no single scene from his novel completely demonstrates this peculiar train of comedy in Salinger: it pervades, seeps into, almost every incident.

WHEN ONE is reading Salinger, one accepts his carefully pl d "New Yorkerish" style and tor and surrenders one's mind almos ompletely. It is only when you p the story aside and turn to other co mporary writers and to other fictio methods and techniques that yo begin to wonder whether the imm iacy and vividness of Salinger migh e limited in power. Nowhere in inger do we find ourselves plunge into the emotional coiling and re ing provoked by passages fro Styron's novel, *Lie Down in Da ess.* Nowhere in Salinger is a character moved against the murky ntensity-in-depth of a Nelson Alg Chicago scene, in *The Man with Golden Arm.* Nowhere is a ch cter revealed by the great clot heterogenerous detail yoked ether in single crowded sentences, as by Saul Bellow in *The Adventures of Augie March.*

But despite the temptations of comparison there remains one's conviction that Salinger is deeply and seriously committed in his fiction. Further, a little research into the Salinger canon reveals that two of his major creations, Holden Caulfield and Seymour Glass, the young husband of "A Perfect Day for Banana Fish," have deep roots in Salinger's own imagination. His novel, in its way, is as much a final version of "work in progress" as are the novels of his more literary contemporaries, pulled together from fragmentary excursions as short stories in *Partisan Review,* in *Hudson Review,* in *New World Writing.* Only with Salinger, the professional, early sketches of Holden Caulfield occur in a series of stories published in *The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's,* and in *The New Yorker,* in the years 1944-1946. And Seymour Glass turns out to have rich inter-connections in Salinger's mind with the uncle of the runaway boy of "Down at the Dinghy," with the older brother of the heroine in a sketch "Franny" (*New Yorker,* January 29, 1955), and with the bridegroom in a novelette *Raise High the Roofbeam, Carpenters* (*New Yorker,* November 19, 1955).

This extrinsic information helps verify one's feeling that there is actually more weight to his explorations of human alienation than his bright dialogue and his frugal use of background and event might suggest. Moreover, Salinger's non-literary status leaves him, as a serious writer, almost unique as a wholly free agent, unhampered by the commitments of his more dedicated contemporaries to one or another school of critics. One might guess that this is Salinger's most precious asset. Rather than wishing quarterly significance or "greatness" on him, we can be content to take him for what he is: a beautifully deft, professional performer who gives us a chance to catch quick, half-amused, half-frightened glimpses of ourselves and our contemporaries, as he confronts us with his brilliant mirror images.

Television in Print

MASS COMMUNICATION. By Erik Barnouw. Rinehart & Co. $4.50.

BROADCASTING IN AMERICA. By Sidney W. Head. Houghton Mifflin. $8.

THE AGE OF TELEVISION. By Leo Bogart. Ungar Publishing Co. $6.50.

TELEVISION'S IMPACT ON AMERICAN CULTURE. Edited by William Y. Elliot. Michigan State University Press. $4.95.

BRITISH BROADCASTING: Radio and Television in the United Kingdom. By Burton Paulu. University of Minnesota Press. $6.

Gilbert Seldes

HERE are five books and I am not being ungrateful if I say there ought to be fifty. There ought to be fifty so that if an intelligent person happens to miss these five, he will be likely to pick up another five — and presently the literate public, at least, will know the size and shape and something of the quality and influence of the most massive of our mass media. And if fifty are published perhaps in good time one of them will become a bestseller and perhaps half a million people will begin to understand their own stake in the revolution which is transferring power from print to electronics. (As I am, for the first time in ten years, *not* writing a book on the subject myself, this hope may be taken as a disinterested act of good citizenship.)

I shall not attempt full-scale reviews of these books, but shall try, by indicating the scope of each, to show the reader which will be of particular interest to him.

Mr. Barnouw's book has all the appearance of a first reader and this is deceptive in only one respect. First readers generally simplify by omitting the complexities of their subject. Whereas this one tackles them, reduces them to terms which require no prior explanations and, without giving the reader the feeling that he now knows all about

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GILBERT SELDES' most recent book on the mass media, The Public Arts, *has recently been published in a soft-cover edition.*

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the subject, prepares him to go deeper into any phase of it.

Bogart and Head cover much of the same ground and each is invaluable for the concise, easily understood reduction of statistical data to sentences, paragraphs and tables. Mr. Bogart is a sociologist whose daily job is being head of account research at one of our largest advertising agencies. Dr. Head is president of the Association for Professional Broadcasting Education. But as Bogart leans over backward to present the case against television as a social influence, before rebutting it, Head is generous to the broadcasting industry and balances his own doubts with the assurances of others. His is the more complete book, taking in radio as background and surviving competitor of television, and he covers in more detail the laws governing the use of the sponsors and agencies which are reflected in Bogart's book also.

IT IS to be noted that in one way or another all of these books have academic backgrounds. Dr. Elliott's collection of studies naturally draws largely on the same source so that it is, in a way, a compendium of the intellectual's distaste for the excesses of television and at the same time a resumé of the intelligent man's hopes for it, especially in the field of education. None of the contributors is precisely happy and it is interesting to note that the editor himself suggests that the most heavily endowed of all the workers in the educational field, the center established by the Ford Foundation at Ann Arbor, may have been "too limited in ideas or managing ability . . . to do an adequate job" and at the same time suggests that commercial broadcasting ought to be declared a public utility—the dirtiest words you can utter on Madison Avenue.

Institutions serving the public are often immune from criticism because no one can think of an alternative. When people are asked what they would like on the air that they are not now getting, the reply for radio has always been "more good music" (long after plenty of good music was available if people bothered to tune it in) and in television "new movies and Broadway shows." Even where such demands are met, it is no proof that the broadcasters are doing their whole duty because they, not their public, are in the business of inventing entertainment. Similarly for the whole system of broadcasting, we shrink from government ownership of the networks and cannot imagine the simple halfway or compromise system the British have invented. Dr. Paulu's book should help us all. It is a detailed study of the structure and the programming of both radio and television in Britain. Particularly recommended to hasty observers is the analysis of the degree of governmental control of the new commercial television authority and of the strict provisions for the exclusion of sponsors' influence on the content of programs. (They have an influence, though. Social and political institutions are on one side, the profit account on the other. And profit wins.)

There is nothing wrong with our own system of broadcasting which general awareness cannot cope with. It is the apathy of the public that books such as these can alter. Whether they can effect a cure depends on how effectively the broadcasters have created the special kind of lethargy which is so good for the ratings and the sponsor's sale chart and so fatal to a living democracy.

The Privacy of Bloomsbury

OLD FRIENDS. Personal Recollections. By Clive Bell. Harcourt Brace & Co. $4.50.

Walter Allen

CLIVE BELL's book consists of recollections of Walter Sickert, Lytton Strachey, Keynes, Roger Fry, Virginia Woolf and T. S. Eliot, an essay on "Bloomsbury" as a group and a state of mind, and memories of Paris in 1904 and in the twenties and the painters he knew there, notably Picasso, Matisse and Derain. In the essay on Bloomsbury he asks whether it ever existed and implies that it did not. Nevertheless, the most valuable parts of the book are those devoted to his Bloomsbury friends Strachey, Keynes, Fry and Virginia Woolf, who, he writes, "come first, or almost first, in the short list of people with whom I have lived on terms of perfect familiarity. We have talked about everything. We have quarrelled and made it up. . . . If I have misrepresented them I cannot exculpate myself on the plea of insufficient data." Whatever his notion of the validity of Bloomsbury, Clive Bell's book is the perfect definition of it.

The perfect definition, indeed, at two levels. The anti-Bloomsburyites will be confirmed in their hostility by the tone of the book, which they will find mannered, affected and superior, in a word, snooty. The more open-minded will find in it an authoritative statement on the genesis of Bloomsbury and an exhibition of the values that ruled it.

It all began in the fall of 1899 when five freshmen at Trinity College, Cambridge, founded The Midnight Society, which met at that hour on Saturdays and, "having strengthened itself with whisky or punch and one of those gloomy beef-steak pies which it was the fashion to order for Sunday lunch, proceeded to read aloud some such trifle as *Prometheus Unbound, The Cenci, The Return of the Druses, Bartholomew Fair* or *Comus*." The five undergraduates were Bell himself, in whose rooms they met, Saxon Sydney-Turner, Leonard Woolf, Lytton Strachey and Thoby Stephen, Virginia Woolf's brother. There was the nucleus, and the community of spirits grew naturally through a network of later friendships. Friendship is the operative word, and it was essentially a private group dedicated to the private virtues. The public virtues and public fame were alike suspect. This comes out very well in Clive Bell's recollections of Keynes, for Keynes was the one member of the group who became a great man in the eyes of the world. He is not quite a great man in Clive Bell's eyes; or rather, Clive Bell sees the difference between the public estimate of Keynes and his friends' private knowledge of him and finds it comic: hero-worship was not a characteristic of Bloomsbury and this essay is a notably feline piece of writing. "Some of us shook our heads, not over the new interests but over the new friendships. Would they not encourage the growth of what we were pleased to consider false values? Would he not soon be attaching more importance to means (power, honors, conventions, money) than to ends — i.e., good states of mind (*vide Prinicipia Ethica passim*)? Would he not lose his sense of proportion?" He didn't; partly, it is inferred, because he was always conscious of Bloomsbury's eye on him.

One is reminded of Lionel Trilling's theory, in his book on E. M. Forster, of the latter's refusal to be great. In this Forster was typical of Bloomsbury, and the refusal, on principle and as it were ostentatiously, to be publicly great has been one reason for the offense Bloomsbury has given to a fair part of the Anglo-Saxon world. At the same time,

WALTER ALLEN, British novelist and critic, is the author of Rogue Elephant, Arnold Bennett, The English Novel, *among other books.*

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a pacifist; he did not object to fighting in any circumstances; he objected to being made to fight. Good liberal that he was, he objected to conscription. He would not fight because Lloyd George, Horatio Bottomley and Lord Northcliffe told him to." With all its faults, Bloomsbury stood always for the great liberal principles; it was always on the side of the angels.

The A jcan Mind: An English View

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Some forty essays are here organized into seven major topics; an eighth supplementary group reprints *Times* reviews of American books from 1913 (Joaquin Miller) to 1951 (Allan Nevins). The overall title *American Writing Today,* gives an inadequate notion of the collection's scope, for it searches extensively into American habits of mind, social intercourse and political and material development, and in almost every instance it looks back to the beginning of the American intellectual community.

Indeed the time span of these papers is what makes them most useful for the American who is not himself a scholar of the areas observed. As a nation, we are singularly ill-taught about our own cultural beginnings (a very recent past as other peoples measure history). Literature in our schools and colleges is firmly based on England—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, the Lake Poets, the Victorian novelists, is normally considered an adequate academic package—and we feel closer, both in spirit and in time, to Dickens and Wordsworth than to Hawthorne and Emily Dickinson. It is as though the infancy of the nation were like a man's infancy, which he can recall only as flashes of unnaturally brilliant detail. But the English were not infants and they see our first steps, our growing strength and dawning self-awareness as a natural and coherent process. What they see is not what we must necessarily accept as true. The observers employed by the *Times* are, as you would expect, almost too much preoccupied with defining what is peculiarly American about America, and they take a slightly smug pleasure in the generalizations they can detect: America is haunted by violence; innocence and horror are the unifying threads of our fiction; our writers have been embarrassed by the lack of relics and lore. A case can be made for all these organizing statements, but an American may think that too many exceptions come to mind for them to work very well as rules. What *is* useful is the assumption that in America as elsewhere writers are related to one another in time and by influences—the "lonely Monadnock" theory of American genius has too long made our literary landscape look like a prospect of the moon.

AMERICAN WRITING TODAY is more descriptive than evaluative and it is more stimulating when it deals with the sources and surroundings of literature than with the works themselves. Thus a paper on American fiction since the first World War is too sketchy to be useful, whereas one immediately preceding it on the preoccupations of American novelists is shot through with challenging ideas:

> The Englishman takes his Englishness for granted; the Frenchman does not constantly have to be looking over his shoulder to see if his Frenchness is still there. The difference is simple: the quality and condition of being an American is not something to be inherited as much as something to be achieved. . . . Some such concept of the novelist's function lies, for example, behind the myth of the Great American Novel, in which is expressed the belief that a people may be born of a literature.

Or again, a few pages later:

> Dreiser's great significance is that he was the first major non-Anglo-Saxon American novelist: in him the voice of the cheated immigrant is heard for the first time.

The English observe the battle of The New Critics with considerable equanimity: they rather prefer the "humane" critics—More to Matthiessen to Trilling and Wilson—but Tate and Ransom and Blackmur are most respectfully appreciated and only Kenneth Burke is deplored as being more interested in ideas than in literature and as hopelessly mired in ingenuity. "If only Mr. Burke had never heard of Freud, or better still of literature!" But the writer goes on to say that Burke's name is "now on every tongue," which gives an odd impression of what Americans chatter about.

THE SYMPOSIUM "feels" the South more than any other unit of American writing (probably because it is the only definable unit today in American writing). Faulkner is obviously the giant of our day, as James of the earlier day before the center of gravity moved south from New England. An article on the revision of American history centers this process on the reinterpretation of the Civil War (it also warns that history with us is too often called upon to perform patriotic tasks). The South fascinates and mystifies these English; it must, obviously, be more exotic to them than Boston or Chicago, but a large part of their bewilderment comes, one suspects, from their attempt to construct a social community from the reports of Faulkner, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Robert Penn Warren and Truman Capote. The name of Caroline Gordon, by the way, appears more often in these discussions than it probably would in equivalent essays here. That is an obvious score for British perspicacity.

The British observers (articles in the *Times* are unsigned) sturdily defend *The New Yorker's* influence on the American short story, are impressed by the power of the American press and the self-assurance of American reporters, draw rather humorless conclusions from our comic strips, think that academic life is no great threat to creative talent, look optimistically for a revival of poetic inspiration (and seem a little behind in their reading of American poets), deplore the low social status of the non-bestseller author (and also underestimate what it is). The view from England is a little bland—some of these writers, of course, may be Americans, but they write as though from England—but it is instructively broad and gratifyingly systematic.

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The Criminal as Patient

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE. By Robert M. Lindner. Grove Press. $1.45.

THE CIRCLE OF GUILT. By Fredric Wertham. Rinehart & Co. $3.

Morris Ploscowe

THE REBEL in *Rebel Without a Cause* is Harold, a second-generation Polish boy, who is a criminal psychopath incarcerated in a federal penal institution. Harold is typical of the class which accounts for at least fifteen to twenty per cent of the inmates of our penal institutions. He has the peculiar amorality which is the hallmark of the psychopath. This is evidenced by a record for indiscriminate thievery, malicious destruction of property, unbridled sexual activity, and a complete disinclination to work.

The amorality of the psychopath cannot be changed by the best efforts of police, courts, probation officers and penal institutions. Their methods fail because they have little relationship to the forces behind psychopathic behavior.

The late Dr. Lindner made a major contribution to the search for what makes a psychopath misbehave. The contribution is both in method and results. He has demonstrated that the time-devouring technique of orthodox psychoanalysis is not absolutely essential for the significant exploration of personality. Through hypno-analysis, a "radically abbreviated method for the investigation of personality," he was able in forty-six sessions to get at the roots of Harold's psychopathic behavior.

Rebel Without a Cause, which is a reprint of an earlier book, is the record of these forty-six sessions and the interpretation which Dr. Lindner placed on the material obtained. Harold's troubles began from his observation as a small child of an act of sexual intercourse between his parents. From this forbidden observation stemmed the continual blinking of his eyes which made him almost blind and which was one of his most distinctive physical characteristics. Harold was afraid, felt inadequate and aggressive towards his father, because his weapon was not "as big and powerful as his father's." So Harold played with knives and guns, and later stole money to buy guns in order to prove to himself that he was as good as his father. Meanwhile, the dependency upon the mother increased along with the inability to reconcile himself to his father's relations to his mother. Here is the unresolved Oedipus complex of classic psychoanalysis. Harold was also haunted by castration fears and anxieties that his father would "steal this thing from him." Hence the aggression and the stealing to prove to himself over and over again that he was a man.

One may quarrel with this interpretation of Harold's behavior. One may also object strenuously that unresolved Oedipus complexes, penis anxieties, castration fears, hostility to the father, dependence on the mother, etc. are found in others besides psychopaths,and are therefore not basic factors in the causation of criminal psychopathy. It can also be objected that the analysis of one psychopath is not sufficient to establish general causative factors in crime. But it is apparent that only such thoroughgoing exploration of personality as that of Harold's will reveal what must be done to stop the increasing crescendo of psychopathic criminal careers.

THE CIRCLE OF GUILT is a superficial book in contrast to *Rebel Without a Cause.* It concerns a young Puerto Rican who was charged with the murder of a so-called model youth in one of New York's underprivileged areas. Dr. Wertham was called into the case as a defense psychiatrist. The book is a record of his interviews with the defendant Santana, his family, his friends, and an analysis of community and social factors which contributed to his crime.

Dr. Wertham comments critically on the sensational way in which the crime was presented to the public, which resulted in the concealment of essential facts. He points out the extraordinary handicaps under which Puerto Ricans must live and work in New York. Poor housing, poor schools, inadequate recreational facilities, the hostility of other racial and religious groups are but a few of the handicaps.

Dr. Wertham acknowledges that while Santana may have been a member of a gang, Puerto Rican boys must gang together for self-protection. The victim of the murder was himself a member of a gang that made a practice of beating up Puerto Rican youths.

Santana furnished Dr. Wertham with more ammunition for his one-man campaign against crime comics (creeps) and against crime and violence in movies and in TV. Santana had filled his empty days with comic books and endless movie and TV shows.

In contrast to Harold, however, Santana was not a psychopath. "He is a mixture between lack of interest, compliance, withdrawal, chronic discouragement, self-effacement, docility, lack of initiative, and immature impulsiveness." Essentially, Santana is not a rebel but a confused conformist, who wanted to do what others do and who wanted above all to be appreciated.

So long as our cities do no better for immigrant groups than New York does for the Puerto Rican, then tragedies like those of Santana, sentenced to twenty-five years to life, or that of his victim cut down by a bullet, are inevitable. Wisdom comes after the event. One can then point out, as does Dr. Wertham, many missed opportunities available to school, church and social agencies to deflect the social disintegration of the killer and to divert him into a decent and useful life.

MORRIS PLOSCOWE, formerly a New York magistrate, is the author of Sex and the Law, The Prosecutor's Manual *and other books.*

LETTER from LONDON

Paul Johnson

NOW that the Suez rumpus is over, London is settling down to something like normal again. Its citizens are currently undergoing the wettest February since 1936, "the worst theatrical season," as one critic put it, "within living memory," the backwash of a rumored split in the royal family, and a threatened power strike which would effectively halt most of the industry which has not already been closed down by the oil crisis, and which would plunge London itself into stygian darkness. Among the few bright chinks in the general blanket of gloom are Eartha Kitt's enchantingly mischievous singing at the Café de Paris, the riotous visit of the rock 'n' roll king, Mr. Bill Haley (who rated a paragraph even on the main news page of *The Times*, an event which has struck some people as so bizarre that they can only conclude that Mr. Haley, and the newspaper's august editor, Sir William Haley, are one and the same person), Carson McCuller's play *The Member of the Wedding*, which has just been produced by the

PAUL JOHNSON is associate editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

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enterprising Royal Court Theatre, and a dazzling new 'cello concerto by Sir William Walton, which received its first European performance at the hands of Gregor Piatigorsky.

Meanwhile, preparations for the 1957 London season are already launched. Acres of mediocre canvas are being trundled up to Burlington House, in Picadilly, where the hanging committee of the Royal Academy is at work on the selection for this year's summer exhibition, the opening of which is the official signal for the beginning of the season. The Academy's new president, Mr. Charles Wheeler, is a determined traditionalist, and his election marked a tremendous victory of the "reactionaries" over the progressive group among the academicians. It is expected, in consequence, that the recent trend towards hanging "modern" painting — which, though almost undetected by London art critics, has been violently denounced by the more elderly RAs—will be firmly halted this year. Equally busy is Lady Howard de Walden, who is in charge of the arrangements for the Queen Charlotte's Ball, the most important debutante party of the season. She recently told reporters that "in view of all the troubles we have been through," she was making a determined effort to make this the gayest season since the war, and hoped that everyone would cooperate, particularly the mothers, who were requested to wear their tiaras.

AMONG more sober recent events has been the publication of Mr. Robert Speaight's *Hilaire Belloc*,* a magisterial and widely-praised life of the great Catholic poet and propagandist, based on Belloc's private papers. Belloc died only four years ago, but his reputation had declined disastrously during the last twenty years of his life, and his name has been rarely mentioned in recent years. To most Englishmen, his pronounced "Continental" flavor, which found expression in a violent Catholicism, a pathological hatred for Jews, a contempt for democratic institutions, businessmen and Germans, and a love of controversy for its own sake, was more than they could take. Belloc was a Liberal M.P. for a few years before the First World War, but he found himself unable to understand the British party system or submit to its disciplines, and more frequently spoke against his own side than for it. Although he wrote more than twenty volumes of history, he was more propagandist than historian, and in his great controversies with H. G. Wells and Dr. George Gordon Coulton he was effectively and publicly worsted. Unlike his friend and contemporary, G. K. Chesterton, he did not possess that peculiar strain of paradoxical playfulness which Englishmen expect from anyone (barring archbishops and other solemn clerics) who writes or talks about religion.

Mr. Speaight's aim was not so much to restore Belloc's shattered reputation as to remind people that he had existed. He presents an enthralling picture of a man built on the very biggest scale, big in his hates and his loves, passionate, prejudiced and unreasonable, but never small or mean in anything he did. Belloc, who was the son of a French father and an English mother, hated the Germans because they desecrated his family house near Paris in the Franco-Prussian war, using the portraits of his ancestors for pistol target-practice. When the family emigrated to England, he took a brilliant "First" at Oxford, and became a great figure in the Union, but he failed to get elected to All Souls because, as he claimed, he took "the wrong side" in the Dreyfus Affair. This failure rankled with him, and indeed in his last years he would frequently recall it with bitterness. Those who knew him only in his old age could never understand this obsession, but Mr. Speaight shows that in fact it played a major part in shaping his life. His rejection by the Fellows of All Souls meant that he never possessed a regular, reliable income, and was, in consequence, forced to write far too much (the bibliography of his works covers six pages in Mr. Speaight's book) and to exhaust himself in prolonged lecture tours. Although his books sold well, at any rate in his middle years, he was unable to save enough to finance the periods of research his historical writings really required. Hence he was pitilessly exposed to the fault-finding of professional historians, or even of affluent amateurs like Wells. It may of course be argued that, this being so, Belloc should have chosen another profession. In fact, he tried several, but always returned to history, and we should be grateful for his persistence. If he had abandoned his treadmill we should have lost some of the finest historical prose in the English language. Mr. Speaight compares Belloc to Macaulay, and there is justice in the comparison: there are many pages in *Danton*, *Robespierre*, *The French Revolution* and *Marie Antoinette* which recall—and in some cases excel—the lapidary rhetoric of the *History of England*. Mr. Speaight quotes lengthy extracts from some of Belloc's lesser-known works, now, alas, out of print, and these serve to remind us of the extraordinary variety of Belloc's genius, and of his inability to write anything less than superb English prose even when he was working at speed on a subject which held little interest for him.

Mr. Speaight is a clever theatrical producer, among other things, and he has been content to remain for the most part in the wings, and to allow Belloc to speak and move for himself. The result has justified the method: it is several years since a book has received such lengthy and unanimously enthusiastic notices in the English press. Belloc has reason to be grateful to his biographer. In the space of a few weeks, he has been restored to his rightful place among English men of letters. To effect such a transformation is the avowed object of most biographers of underestimated men, but Mr. Speaight is one of the handful who has attained it.

* *To be published here by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy on March 22.*

ART

Maurice Grosser

PAUL ROSENBERG AND CO. are showing fifty of the French paintings which have passed through their hands. These, taken with the recent French acquisitions at Perls next door and the several very fine French canvases included in the opening exhibition of the World House down the street, make up an admirable cross section of the sort of painting we have come to think of as the style of our time.

The style has been with us now a hundred years. It is clear from the pictures on display. The amiable and vulpine *Comtesse de Tournon* by Ingres of 1812 does not belong to it, nor does the Delacroix of Saracens and horses of 1862. These are on the side of the old masters. But the *Forest Pool* of Courbet, of about 1860, could never be mistaken for an old master. Though its large size makes one suppose it was painted indoors, with its cold shadows

MAURICE GROSSER is the author of Painting in Public *and* The Painter's Eye. *He is having a show at the Castairs Gallery, beginning March 19.*

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and its foliage applied with a palette knife, it has all the air of an improvisation.

Improvisation is the determining characteristic. This particular air of having been made up on the spot is what distinguishes a modern picture from an old master. The modern picture, in the sense of the picture painted in the last hundred years, is done without undue dependence on sketches, cartoons, or underpainting—the painter putting down as directly as he can on the canvas what he wishes to be his final effect. The sketch is itself the picture. And since the picture is an improvisation, it does not have to be worried to a neat conclusion and can be left, with all honesty on the painter's part, to finish itself.

FOR a hundred years this method of composition has been successfully applied to all sorts of themes—to realism, as in Degas or Courbet; to exact rendering of optical sensations, as in Monet or Cezanne; to personal lyricism, to pure decoration or to the revolt against decoration, all to be found in the recent School of Paris. A method of painting a hundred years old should be well understood by everybody and its relative values fairly clear. Nevertheless, confronted with a representative sampling such as one has here, one is tempted to reconsider one's judgments. Degas, for example, takes on an astonishing stature. His *Portrait of a Woman,* of 1868, determined, absent, perhaps ill, is a spiritual and clinical study such as Greco might have done. The *Frieze of Dancers* has the rhythmic interpenetration and the large, easy scale which is the mark of grandeur wherever it is found, whether in Cro-Magnon cave painting or in a fresco by Piero della Francesca.

In Toulouse-Lautrec the spite and caricature have become less troublesome, the charm of the pale, dry color and the ease and skill of the drawing more disarming. Cezanne seems less important than before, more limited, more laborious—scrupulous rather than inspired. Perhaps the lessons he taught have by now been learned. Renoir has not changed. He remains, as he always was, a cheerful and very human master.

Among the more recent painters, Bonnard seems to carry more weight than he formally did. Rousseau's canvases are still great jokes—the painters trundling their works to the Independent exposition of 1906 while the silly angel of glory trumpets overhead—and one is still not sure whether the laugh is on him or with him.

The early Braques and Picassos are even more beautiful than one remembers. Picasso's *Lady with Fan* from the Harriman collection, two small Cubist Braques at Perls, and the Picasso *Rameur* and *Torrero* at the World House —all early works—have the quiet, quasi-mathematical lyricism of a seventeenth century counterpoint. The Picasso *Harlequin* of 1915 is at once sensitive, tantalizing and brilliant. The later Picassos, less abstract and much easier to read than the early Cubist pictures, are also less entertaining. The color is dead, the paint hasty and heavy-handed. The oddity of their still life subjects—a dead bird, a tomato plant askew—and the canvases' formerly shocking anti-decorative intention, no longer hold the interest. In the later Braques the general dullness of the color renders these sandy and schematic still lifes grim and faded. But Modigliani's stylistic eccentricities have simply disappeared, revealing a profoundly human portraitist. And Matisse appears now as a master of the commercial decorative style—thin, impersonal, professional and elegant.

These are value judgments and they can therefore be debated. But the unity underlying all this work cannot be denied. There is a much greater difference between *The Comtesse de Tournon* of Ingres and the *Marguerite de Conflans* of Manet at Rosenberg's than between this Manet and the portrait (1946) by Rene Dubuffet at the World House which is done in the most rough-hewn of contemporary manners. The Manet and the Dubuffet, like them or not, are painted by the method of improvisation, and as such are legitimate examples of the work of our time.

Absent-Minded Professor

This lonely figure of not much fun
Strayed out of folklore fifteen years ago
Forever. Now on an autumn afternoon,
While the leaves drift past the office window,
His bright replacement, present-minded, stays
At the desk correcting papers, nor ever grieves
For the silly scholar of the bad old days,
Who'd burn the papers and correct the leaves.

HOWARD NEMEROV

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

March 10 through 15

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, March 10

ODYSSEY (CBS). Topic for today, "The Wonderful World of the Funnies," marking the sixtieth anniversary of the first comic strip. Walt Kelly, Dick Tracy and Al Capp will be on hand and Milton Caniff will introduce a brand new character.

Educational Television Project

(Five days a week, beginning March 11) Educational Stations and WRCA-NY.

This thirteen week series of programs is produced by NBC for the nation's twenty-five educational stations. A specific area of knowledge is assigned to each weekday, the programs being designed to excite interest as well as to inform. This carefully-organized project is the first live programming ever produced by a network for the use of educational stations.

Mondays

The American Literary Scene. Dr. Albert D. Van Nostrand of Brown University will conduct a seminar on thirteen aspects of American writing. A contemporary author—William H. Whyte, Jr., John Dos Passos, Walter D. Edmonds are three—will appear on each broadcast; actors will read from his works and from those of related writers.

Tuesdays

Geography for Decision. Using the huge NBC relief globe, among other visual aids, the program will explore the earth with particular attention to the effect of place on peoples. On-camera guide will be Dr. Albert E. Burke, director of the American Institute of Resource Economics and a member of the Yale faculty.

Wednesdays

Mathematics. James R. Newman, author of *The World of Mathematics,* will conduct a series designed to convey the diversity, utility and beauty of the subject. J. Robert Oppenheimer, Richard Sutton, Ernest Nagel, Philip Morse and others are preparing special material on such topics as big numbers, pi, puzzles, paradoxes, measurement.

Thursdays

American Government and the Pursuit of Happiness. A civics course focussed on the federal government. Present members of the judicial, legislative and executive branches will discuss their departments with Elmer Schattschneider, professor of political science at Wes-

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leyan University. So far scheduled to participate by remote hook-up from Washington are Supreme Court Justice Burton, Speaker of the House Rayburn, Senator Fulbright.

Fridays

Music: The History of Opera. Paul Henry Lang of Columbia University, music critic for the New York *Herald Tribune,* will conduct illustrated discussions covering the full history of opera. Singers and instrumentalists will participate in such topics as "The Pinnacle of Classic Opera," "Opera Becomes Grand and Middle Class," "Realism in Opera."

Edward Stanley, NBC manager of public service programs, heads the Educational Project; David Lowe is executive producer for all programs.

A.W.L.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

AT HIS first concert with the Symphony of the Air Beecham walked to the podium, and turned to bow, so slowly, giving the impression of such physical enfeeblement from age, that one wasn't prepared for the energy he exhibited in his conducting and for the animation in his performances of Haydn's Symphony No. 97, the Handel-Beecham *Great Elopement* Suite, Brahms's Symphony No. 3 and Berlioz' *Marche troyenne.* This musical animation was the more surprising after the stodgy and static character of much of his work in recent years. And this time there was a little too much animation—in the fastest tempo for the first movement of the Brahms symphony that I recall hearing. It is true that Brahms's direction is Allegro con brio; but the character, the articulation and the effect of the music demand something less than the speed with which Beecham ripped through the movement. In addition the orchestra's playing lacked the precision of execution and the tonal balance and beauty which it had exhibited at the previous concert conducted by Markevitch, and which Beecham is fully capable of achieving with the rehearsal that he hadn't bothered with this time. In fact he did achieve exquisitely finished execution of one piece—Grieg's *The Last Spring,* which he played in memory of Toscanini.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN devoted half of one of his programs with the New York Philharmonic to three American works. One was played for the first time anywhere: Laurence Rosenthal's *Ode,* which at first hearing seemed only a competent job of putting sounds together. One was a modern American classic: Roy Harris' Symphony No. 3, in which I heard again only a ranting rhetoric of portentous utterance of nothing. And the third was Copland's *Short Symphony* (1931-1933). Because of its extreme rhythmic intricacy this work had had only one previous performance in this country—a broadcast by Stokowski and the NBC Symphony in 1944; but it had had additional performances and had been recorded as the Sextet for string quartet, clarinet and piano (1937). It is spoken of as one of Copland's major works; but to me its frenetic manipulation of jagged motifs in the fast movements and its distorted lyricism in the slow movement are unattractive.

Bernstein's conducting of the orchestra through these works was an impressive demonstration of his remarkable gifts. But in a performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 he exhibited, literally, an excessive intensity of his own that drove the music too hard, and an occasional lapse of taste in the form of a prettifying or sentimentalizing retardation that did the music as little good.

THE RUSSIAN pianist Sviatoslav Richter merely plays the notes of his part with no enlivering inflection in the performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor on Monitor 2002; and the playing of the State Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. under Sonderling is pedestrian. The reverse side has Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 with Leonid Kogan.

Robert Casadesus' insipid Mozart-playing and the somewhat more spirited playing of his wife Gaby are heard in Mozart's Concerto K.365 for two pianos on Columbia ML-5151, with coarse-sounding accompaniment by a Columbia orchestra under Szell. On the reverse side Robert plays the Concerto K.414, a minor work.

A beautiful performance of Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K.543) by Von Karajan and the London Philharmonia is on Angel 35323, together with the Clarinet Concerto K.622, in which the orchestra's solo clarinet, Bernard Walton, plays well but not with the outstandingly beautiful tone and subtle inflection of De Peyer's performance on London LL-1135.

Another performance of the Symphony K.543 and one of K.551 *(Jupiter)* by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic exhibit Walter's tendency toward melting softness and slackness; and they are coarsely reproduced.

Beethoven's Fifth and Seventh Symphonies lose in intensity and power from Klemperer's slow pacing of them in his performances with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35329 and 35330, respectively. 35329 also has Beethoven's *Consecration of the House* Overture, whose concluding fugue also would gain by a faster tempo.

Golschmann's performance of Debussy's *La Mer* with the St. Louis Symphony on Columbia ML-5155 is unsatisfying; and the blazing conclusion of the first movement is poorly reproduced. Ravel's *Valses Nobles* and *La Valse* are also on the record.

But Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite* is performed superbly by Markevitch and the National Orchestra of the French Radio on Angel 35361. The reverse side has Shostakovitch's Symphony No. 1.

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Letters

"Europe of the 15"

Dear Sirs: Given the general excellence of Mr. Rivers' acount of the negotiations for a European common market (*The Nation,* January 19) it may seem somewhat carping to protest that, as far as the Council of Europe is concerned, we have been robbed of a member state. Austria joined the Council in April, 1956, thus making us the "Europe of the Fifteen"—though indeed we have usually been called that since the Saar (an associate member from 1950 through 1956) was included in the total. In consequence, the only O.E.E.C. countries which are not members of the Council of Europe are Portugal and Switzerland.

A further small criticism of Mr. Rivers' account is that nowhere does he point out that the British insistence on the exclusion of agriculture from the free-trade area may form a very real stumbling-block to the establishment of this area. To Denmark and Holland, for example, a deal which would oblige them to admit British industrial goods without tariffs while still having to compete on unfavorable terms with the Commonwealth for exports of dairy products or vegetables to Britain is hardly attractive. For this reason the European Assembly here has recommended (by a rather narrow majority) the inclusion of agriculture in the common-market free-trade area, while still concerning that in all probability this sector will have to be subject to a special regime. Perhaps fortunately, it is not only in Britain that agriculture raises particular problems and it seems that, even within the common market, there will be lists of "excepted products" and a number of transitional safeguard measures; the possibility is being canvassed that these arrangements could be extended to "Big Europe," if necessary by means of a series of bilateral treaties. But the agricultural problem remains the hardest nut which the negotiators of the free-trade area will have to crack.

H. H. SOLF
Directorate of Information,
Council of Europe
Strasbourg

Yeast in the Budget

Dear Sirs: Since I became a subscriber to *The Nation* some four years ago, I have been impressed with the high character of the editorials. I place as one of the best Arms and the Budget in the February 23 issue. The reason you give in that editorial explains why our budget continues to increase. As you say, everybody wants to cut the budget, but no one suggests where a cut would do any good; namely, a cut in military expenditures.

WILLIAM H. NEBLETT
Los Angeles

Duty of the Scientist

Dear Sirs: I have been reading J. Bronowski's article on Science and Human Values which appeared in *The Nation* on December 29. It is a great and courageous statement of the position of the working scientists. Most of what Dr. Bronowski says is thoroughly familiar to all working scientists, but there are few who have been sufficiently philosophical to consider these truths not merely as something which they know in detail, but as something concerning which they have the social duty to reflect and which they must place in relation to life itself.

I must compliment *The Nation* on publishing this article. It is most important in a period in which there is a great temptation to degrade the scientist into a shaman.

NORBERT WIENER
Cambridge, Mass.

The Importance of Trivia

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article Thousands of Scientists (*The Nation,* January 12), purporting to be a report on the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is grossly misleading. The overall impression conveyed is that American scientists are capricious, disorganized and interested only in their own extremely narrow specialties. What the author describes as "a random survey of the 1400 subjects broached by the AAAS" was by no means random, but rather concentrated on those topics which the author found bizarre or amusing. He describes several papers as "comic turns." He appears to be unaware that they appear comic to him simply because of his own ignorance as to where they fit in the general picture of scientific research. By writing this way, he reflects and strengthens our national habit of distrust of precise scientific work. It is a fact that the big scientific ideas that eventually emerge are based on painstaking research in very specific areas, each one of which may seem trivial to the ignorant.

Reporting of this kind helps to perpetuate the harmful anti-intellectualism current in America.

KENNETH O. MAY
Northfield, Minnesota

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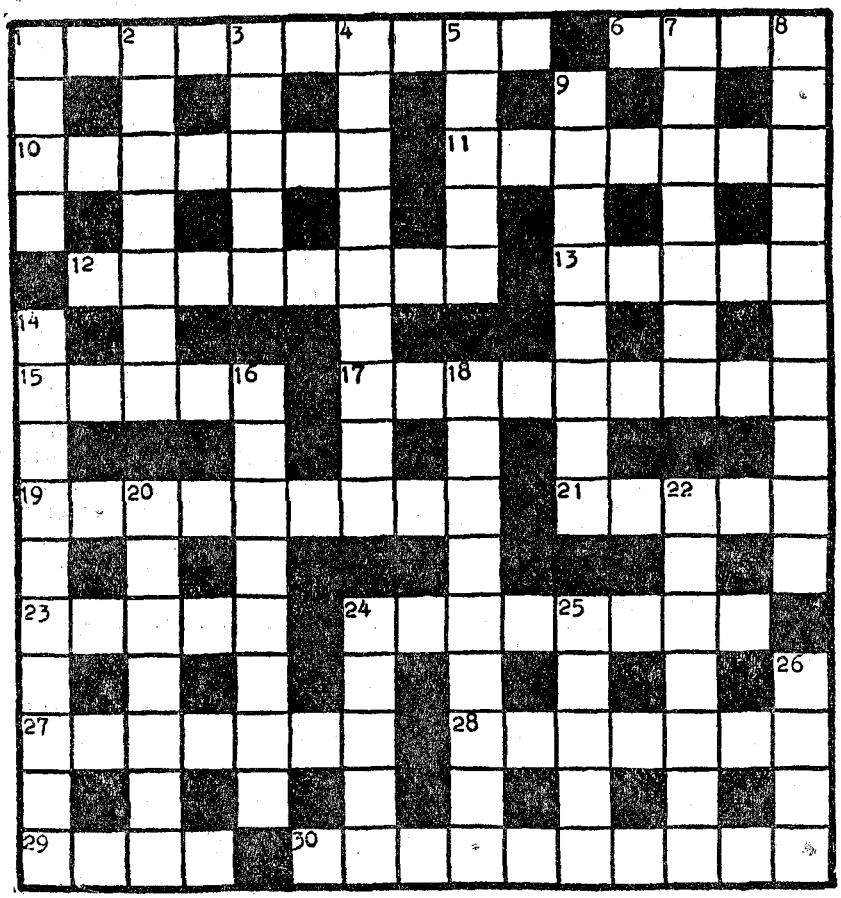
Crossword Puzzle No. 714

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Stop dividing a dubious ending! It's all over! (10)
6 Copied, but not quite taped. (4)
10 Lamentations should have been written in this meter. (7)
11 See 1 down
12 Not necessarily a fast, but certainly a fleet color. (4, 4)
13 Get rid of a point, after some time. (5)
15 He made figures, evidently with several feet in. (5)
17 Mechanical catch about the edge, which isn't to your advantage. (9)
19 Note the wrong figure! To tell the truth, one doesn't! (9)
21 and 16 down Jabber? (5, 8)
23 One result if you 21 and 16. (Mother Hubbard went for it!) (5)
24 Was "Mein Kampf" taken down so? (8)
27 As Mexican as tamales, and found there on the table. (7)
28 Was this sort of gin a fixture? (7)
29 Swell, but sounds mean! (4)
30 He certainly doesn't have a tender skin or sore chin! (10)

DOWN:

1 and 11 across Drove quite a bit, to places the trader knows. (4, 3, 4)
2 Quite the rage, this country! (7)
3 Run it yourself, to find harmony. (5)
4 and 24 down At least you'll die happy if you are! (7, 2, 5)
5 and 18 Columbines can't be arranged in a more novel manner. (5, 4, 5)
7 Dig around at will! (7)
8 Sister's end shouldn't be very agreeable. (10)
9 A kneeling-desk. (4-4)
14 This beats the sound of a clock! (10)
16 See 21 across
18 See 5 down
20 Top item of fishing equipment. (7)
22 Not the main speaker, when it comes to the subject of fidelity. (7)
24 See 4 down
25 Greek story. (5)
26 Either way, it's shot in two directions. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 713

ACROSS: 1 DRESS COATS; 10 EMBASSY; 11 KINETIC; 12 CORRESPONDENCE; 14 INSTANCE; 15 ASSETS; 16 GAMBIT; 18 SCRABBLE; 22 IMPASSABLENESS; 24 SPELLER; 25 ALEWIFE; 26 RUSE; 27 ARRESTMENT. DOWN: 1 DRENCHINGS; 2 EMBARKS; 3 SYSTEMATICALLY; 4 OLYMPIC; 5 and 6 across TAKING WAYS; 7 ARTICLE; 8 SACK; 9 UNDERSTATEMENT; 13 ASSESSMENT; 17 MUMMERS; 19 CABBAGE; 20 BEE-LINE; 21 USURER; 23 USER.

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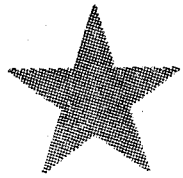

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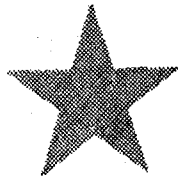

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